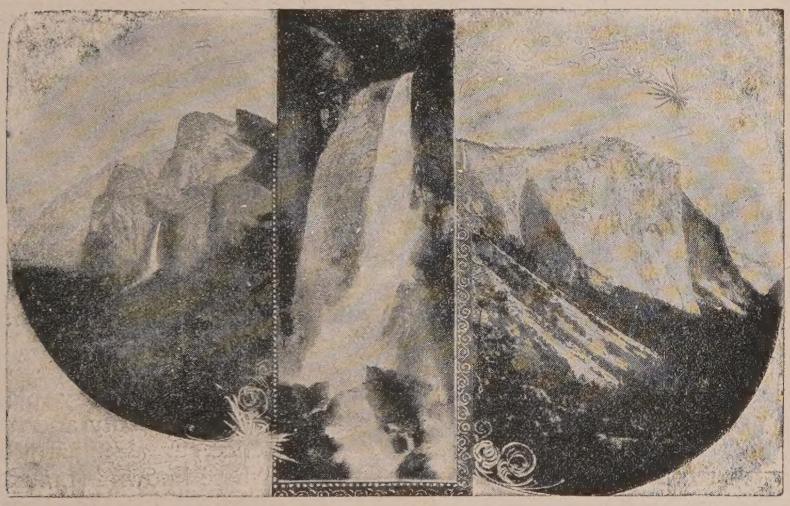
Methodist Magazine and Review.

APRIL, 1898.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY AND MARIPOSA GROVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

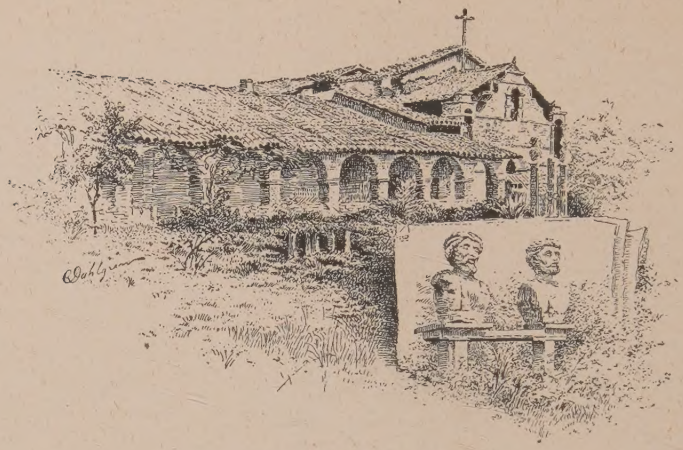


YOSEMITE VALLEY.

It is a long and arduous journey from the nearest railway to the Yosemite, but it is one for which the tourist is well repaid. At Raymond we take the stage for a round trip of one hundred and forty miles' ride to the Big Trees and the famous valley. Up and up in long sinuous curves, over long slopes commanding ever wider outlooks, we are whirled by our splendid four-horse team. We change horses sixteen times in one hundred and forty miles. At the end of a long day's journey it is a grateful surprise to find at Wawona a comfortable hotel, with fountains, garden, beautiful surroundings and elegant service, at an altitude of 4,000 feet above the sea. Enormous pine trees, like a solemn brotherhood, begird Wawona. In the golden after-glow, it seemed like the "happy valley" of Rasselas, where no evil thing could come.

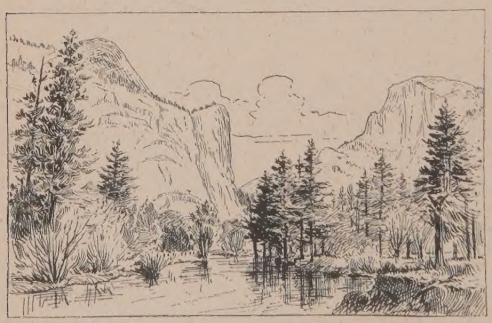
It is still a twenty miles' drive to the valley, which takes about five hours' climbing slowly over a pass 6,500 feet high, then sweeping around magnificent curves which overhang the profound valley of the Little Merced. The road is narrow, but safe enough, except when stages and waggons have to pass, when every one gets out, and the wheels on the outside ride over the edge of the road on the steep slope of a thousand feet.

As we climb the grade, the val-



MISSION SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA.

ley sinks lower and lower, and the road winds up in long zig-zags. The tall, majestic pines, "each fit to be the mast of some high admiral," the noble forest vistas, and the exhilaration of sweeping round these curves behind our high mettled horses, makes the blood tingle in the veins. Fields of snowy lilies, scarlet fuchsias, and

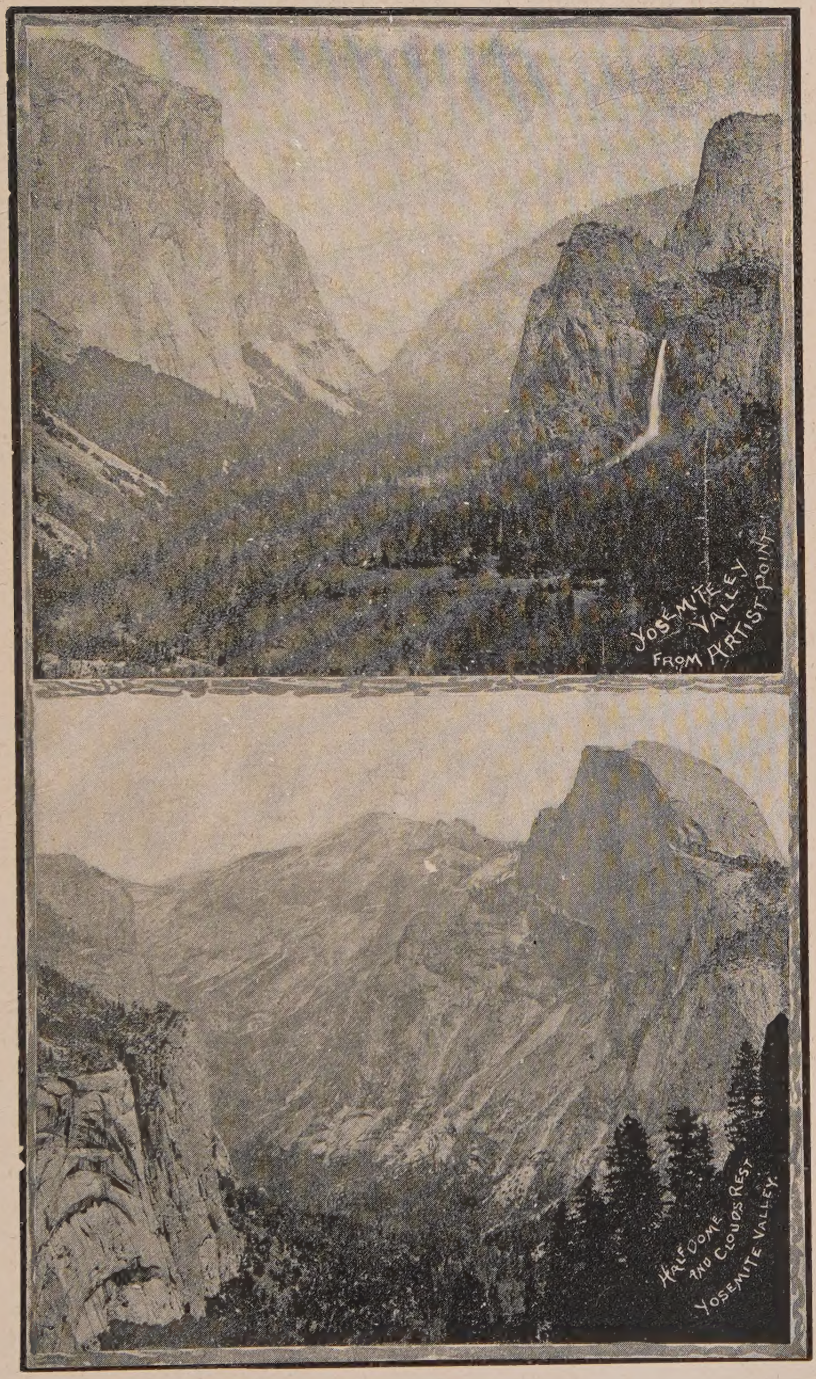


THE DOMES, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

wood violets, and the purple windflower, "swinging its fragrant censer in the air," heighten the enjoyment.

Weary and worn, jolted black and blue with the rough ride, at last at "Inspiration Point" the valley bursts upon one's view, a vision of unspeakable grandeur and sublimity. It is a narrow gorge, about six miles long, and from half a mile to a mile in width, and about a mile in perpendicular depth, beneath the level of the adjacent region. It is enclosed in frowning, craggy heights, rising with almost unbroken and perpendicular face. From the brow of the precipice, in many places, pour cataracts of beauty and magnificence, surpassing anything elsewhere known in mountain scenery. One of these is the famous "Bridal Veil," where the water leaps from the cliff 900 feet into the valley. It sways and waves with every gust of wind, broken into a thin sheet of spray like ethereal gauze, and when crowned with its gorgeous afternoon rainbow is a spectacle of exquisite beauty which, once seen, can never fade from the memory.

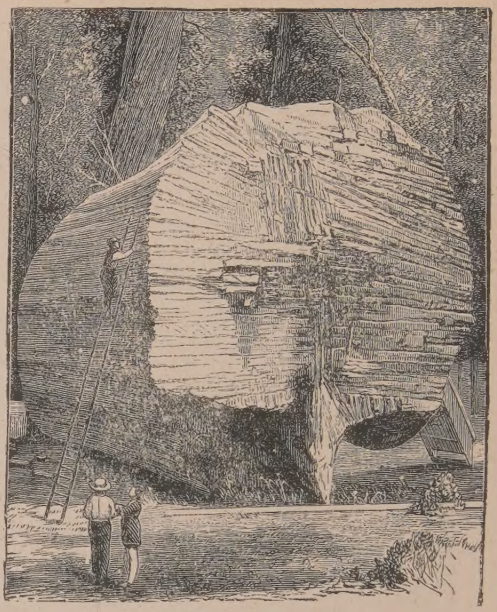
A mile off, on the opposite side, is the "Virgin's Tears" fall, of a thousand feet; so named, said my garrulous guide, because it was so far from the "Bridal Veil." Nearer is the "Widow's Tears," appropriately named, he averred, because they are soon dried up after a rainy season. Most famous of all is the wonderful Yosemite Fall,



YOSEMITE SCENES.

which has a total height of 2,500 feet; first a vertical leap of 1,500, then a series of cascades for 600 feet, and a final plunge of 400 feet. The valley has evidently been scooped out by glacier action; lateral moraines and a terminal moraine at its lower end can be readily traced.

The dominant feature of the valley is the tremendous cliff, "El Capitan," 3,300 feet high. The almost vertical walls are destitute of vegetation, save where a single pine clings to the cliff. Although 125 feet high, it looks like a tiny shrub. "Nowhere in the world," says Professor Whitney, "is so squarely cut, so lofty and imposing a mass of rock."



SECTION OF A BIG TREE, CALIFORNIA.

On either side of the valley are contorted, columned cliffs, assuming fantastic shapes; spires like those of a Gothic cathedral, 3,000 feet high. "Cathedral Rock" is a massively sculptured pile, 2,660 feet almost vertical; then the "Three Brothers," 3,830 feet; and "Sentinel Rock," over 3,000 feet. On the perpendicular walls the fantastic figures of a hound, a woman, a man's head, a deer, and so on, are pointed out, also "Pulpit Rock," "Tower Cliff," and many other fanciful features.

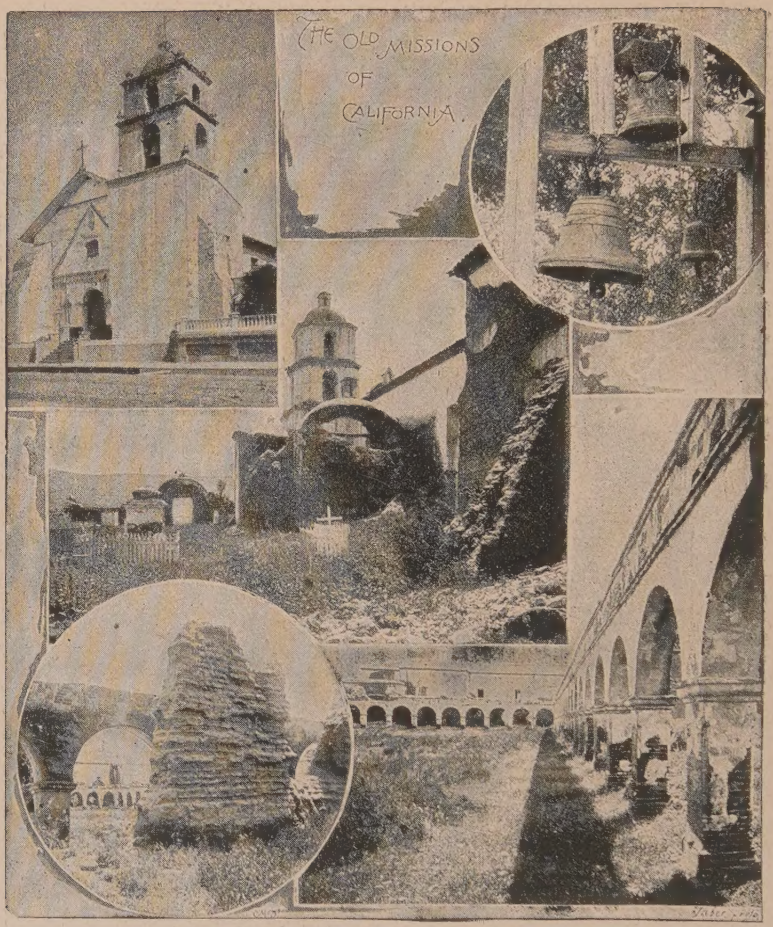
CYPRESS TREES.

The grandeur grows as we approach the head of the valley. Here is the "Half Dome," a tremendous cliff, 4,740 feet high. At its base sleeps in quiet seclusion the exquisite little Mirror Lake, reflecting in its placid surface the lofty cliffs around. This lake is best visited early in the morning, to note the reflection of the mountains, and to see the sun rise with a jump, as it were, above their summits. A single movement of

the head will now conceal the sun behind the cliff, and now reveal it over its edge. By following up the lake one may then see the sunrise reflected seventeen times in half an hour.

Words would fail to describe the wonderful "Vernal Fall," with a vertical height of 400 feet, down the side of which one may scramble by a steep but not difficult path; and the famous "Nevada Fall" of 600 feet, one of the grandest in the world.

BIG TREE, WITH DRIVE CUT THROUGH.



SOME OLD SPANISH MISSIONS.

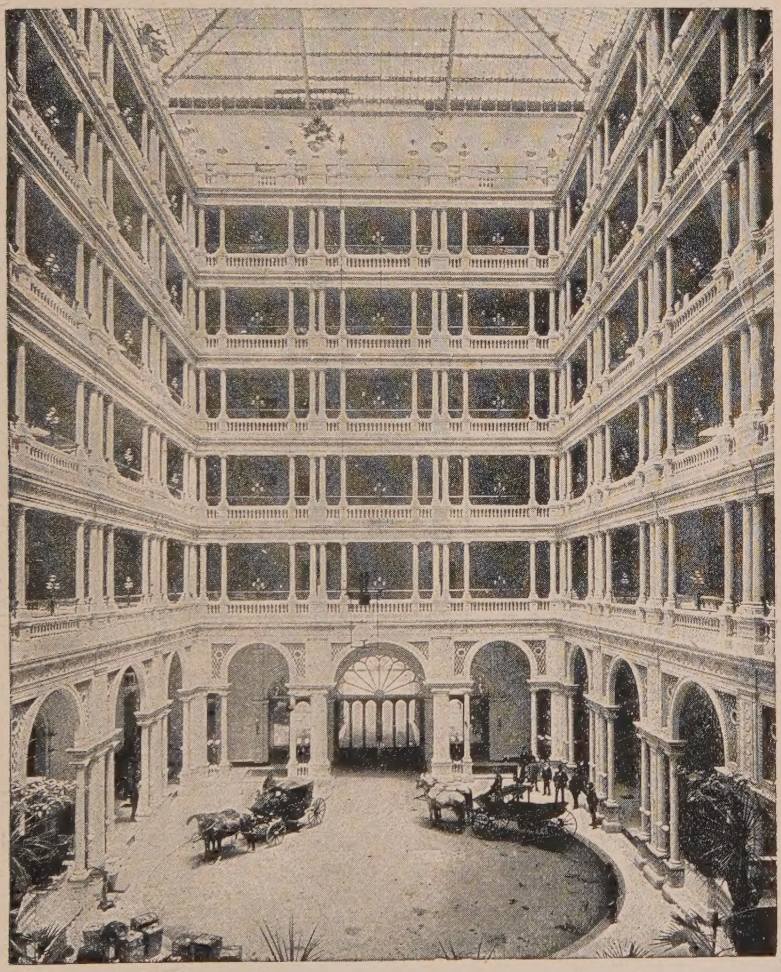
SPANISH BIT.

Of course hotel rates are high in the valley, as they must be, when almost everything required is brought sixty miles by waggon trail. Sometimes two or three waggons are fastened together and drawn by eight or ten teams. When they come to a very steep place they are drawn up singly, and on the level stretches they are joined together. At the hotel at which I stopped, whose broad verandahs overhang the swift and crystal clear Merced river, "there was a sound of revelry by night," and the throbbing of flying feet across the floor pulsated to the farthest extremity of the house, but it proved slight disturbance to the weary wight, who was soon wrapped in sleep. At the Old Pioneer Hotel, at the Yosemite, a gigantic tree, ten feet in diameter, grew up through the parlour floor and out at the roof. Around the trunk is an upholstered settee. The room is elegantly furnished, with fireplace, carpet, and so on. We venture to say that no other house in

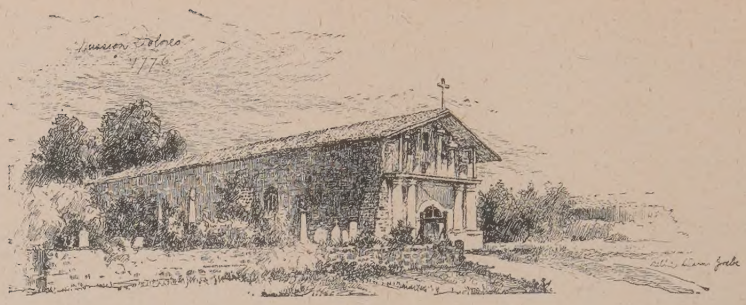
the world has a parlour ornament of that sort.

The chief exploit at the Yosemite is climbing to Glacier Point. Early in the morning a merry party rode in carriages to the foot of the trail. Arrived there, the seventeen mules and horses which were to carry us galloped wildly up and were headed off by guides in cow-boy accoutrements. The Mexican saddle, with double girth and high pommel, which cow-boys used for twisting the lariat around, but which the tenderfoot finds convenient to hold on by, offers a comfortable riding seat. The cruel-looking Spanish bits excited my commiseration for the horses, but the Spanish spurs were still worse.

By dizzy zig-zags over the narrow trail, in places not more than three feet wide, we wound in long procession up the face of what seemed an almost perpendicular cliff—ever higher and higher, till the tall trees and buildings in the valleys look like children's toys. At length we came out on a bare, bald, overhanging cliff, 3,200



PALACE HOTEL COURT, SAN FRANCISCO.



MISSION DOLORES, SAN FRANCISCO.

feet above the valley; it seemed as if we could leap sheer down. On every side are splintered and pinnacled crags, and across a fathomless gulf of air the magnificent Vernal and Nevada Falls. A young girl from New York declared that the thin and tenuous air "sprained her lungs." It was rather her tight-laced bodice which prevented her breathing.

But higher still we climb to "Sentinel Dome," 8,000 feet above the sea. To the top of this our horses could not climb, so we had to scramble up on hands and knees. Around on every hand there was an outlook of grey mountains, bare as a skull.

"Bald, stately bluffs that never wore a smile,
Year after year, in solitude eternal,
Wrapped in contemplation drear."

Here we enjoyed the rare experience of seeing a thunderstorm go by. "From crag to crag leaped the live thunder," and flashed the white lightning, and far beneath us rolled the storm. The glimpses of mountain glory and gloom, the far-off patches of snow, against the deep indigo of distant forests, and the roar and whistle of the wind were sublime. The sense of elevation above the world, of isolation and loneliness, was intense. Nevertheless it was not equal to the mountain view

CORONADO HOTEL, SAN DIEGO.

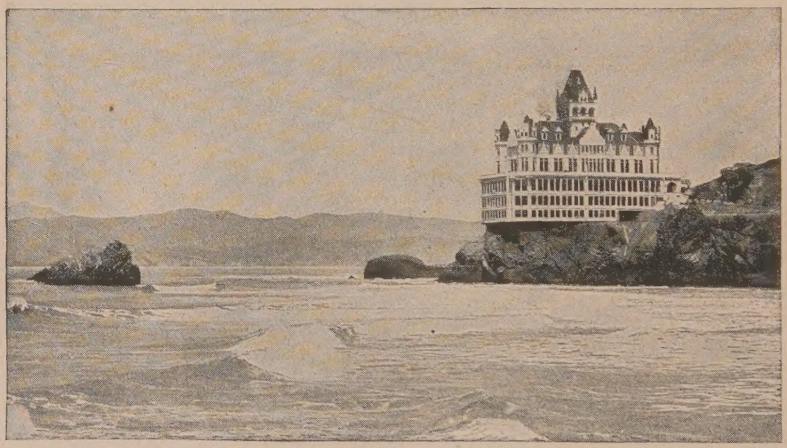
SANTA BARBARA MISSION

from the Rigi, where one can sweep around a circle of three hundred miles of snow-capped peaks.

If it was difficult to climb to Glacier Point, the descent was more difficult still. The path was very narrow, and at one place a huge pine cone had fallen on the path, which my horse refused to pass. Nor would he move till it had been taken out of his way. In turning the sharp angles of the zig-zags it seemed impossible to avoid toppling over into the abyss of air half a mile deep. More than once my heart came into my mouth as we rounded some particularly perilous corner.

the sun's last kiss lingered on the mountain's brow, the "Sentinel Cliff," a tremendous wall, gloomy, austere, sublime, seemed a deeper darkness in the shade. "If the perfect world by Adam trod was the first temple made by God," the Yosemite must have been the inner sanctuary.

Many tourists drive in with their camping equipage and spend a week or more under canvas. These camps have very grotesque names, as, "The Merry Tramps," "The Lost Angels," a play on "Los Angeles," "As You Like It," the "Oh, My!" camp, the "Razzle-Dazzle," "Ra-



CLIFF HOUSE AND SEAL ROCK.

After this experience on horse and muleback I was glad to do the other climbing on foot, as less wearisome to an unaccustomed equestrian. But I will not inflict further description, save to refer to a glorious climb to the top of the Yosemite Fall. The crags and cliffs were awe-inspiring, almost terrible. I was all alone and seemed to be in a primeval world before the creation of man. On Sunday evening I walked through the meadow in the evening twilight. The lengthening shadows filled the valley. Long after this

mona," "Iolanthe," "Pullman," etc. The little burros, which do much of the packing of goods in all sorts of packages, bales of provisions, etc., over the mountains, are absurdly small in proportion to the immense loads they carry; two hundred pounds weight on an animal which does not seem to weigh as much itself.

It is a pleasant afternoon's excursion from the Wawona Hotel to the Big Tree grove and back, involving an uphill drive of nine or ten miles, and overcoming an ascent of nearly 3,000 feet. With

a fresh four-horse team, pleasant company and a genial driver, it is one of the pleasantest excursions we know. The air is filled with the resinous odour of the forest, and the ground is strewn with gigantic pine needles. Ever and anon we ask, as some monarch of the forest rises in grim majesty before us, "Are these the Big Trees?" But when we really see them we have no need to ask. Like Jungfrau among the Alps of the Oberland, they tower in sublime majesty over all the rest. "Big Grizzly" is the king of the forest, thirty-three feet in diameter, 225 feet high. At over 100 feet from the ground a branch seven feet in diameter leaves the main trunk.

These trees bear the names of the States of the Union, and the great poets and authors of the nation. Through one, shown on page 303, our four-horse carriage drove, and the living archway covered the entire length of the three-seated carriage and four-horse team, all but the heads of the forward horses; and this tree was three feet less in diameter than "Old Grizzly." In the Tulore Grove is one giant reported to be forty-four feet in diameter. An overwhelming sense of one's insignificance in time and place creeps over one as he stands like a pigmy at the foot of one of these tremendous growths, which may have been good-sized trees when Abraham came from Ur of Chaldee, and which are assuredly older than the pyramids of Egypt. The huge fir-cones do not grow on the sequoias, but on the sugar pines. I saw one eighteen inches long, and Artist Hill, of Wawona, said he had one twenty-six inches in length. In this mighty grove there may be seen a large number of trees more than 300 feet in height, and from 50 to 93 feet in circumference.

CITY HALL DOME, SAN FRANCISCO.

The good-humoured chaff of the California drivers as their teams pass each other is amusing.

"Halloa, what's the news?"

"Tremendous rain down the valley; road flooded," is the answer.

(It must be remembered that this is the dry season, when it never rains.)

To which the other replies, "Two feet of snow upon the mountain" (where we had been sweltering in the heat). "We just met a California lion in the road."

Then they indulge in tall story-telling. "The biggest liar in California," says one, "is ———, and the other two is Col. ———."

The California definition of an honest man is not one who cannot be bought in a political campaign, but one who will stay bought. Another man, defending his honesty, says, "I never touch anything I can't reach, but I can reach a long way, Captain." Our driver quoted a Chinaman's appropriate definition of a toboggan slide: "Swish! walkee back half a milee."

One of the stories of the Yosemite was that of an Irishman, who wrote home to his friends that the land was so plentiful in America that they had to stack it up in mountains.

A frequent object of interest was a "V" shaped flume, sixty miles long, which followed our road for many a mile, and brought logs and boards from the heart of the mountains to the railway, sixty miles distant.

The great pride of San Francisco is its magnificent hotels and its noble park. The Palace Hotel cost over three million dollars, and surpasses anything I saw in Europe. The vast asphalt-paved court, surrounded with five tiers of balconies, lit up at night with electric lights, formed a striking coup d'oeil, while the throbbing music of an excellent band filled the vast space.

ON LAKE TAHOE.

The loveliest drive near San Francisco is that to the Golden Gate and the sea cliff. The railway skirts the rocky shore, under as blue a sky as that of Italy, with magnificent outlook on ocean and bay. On the basaltic Seal Rock, a couple of hundred yards from the shore, bask and crawl, and

bark and tumble, the famous seals —great bloated, ugly creatures, huge as a hog, that ceaselessly swarm over its rough surface, and continually fight and snort, drenched by the spray, or basking in the sun.

One of the most striking features at Cypress Point was the twisted, writhing cypress trees, shown on page 302, which seemed contorted by wrestling with the ocean winds on a bleak and gusty promontory.

The oldest building in San Fran-

LAKE TAHOE.

cisco is the Mission Dolores, founded in 1776, a low, squat structure, with adobe (mud) walls three feet thick, and the roof covered with heavy semi-cylindrical tiles, a type of most of the old missions. The floor, except near the altar is of earth, and the entire structure rude in character, though still used for purposes of worship. In the forlorn and bramble-grown cemetery adjoining are many old Spanish tombs, memorials of the early days.

Santa Barbara is one of the

BELLS AT MISSION, SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

largest and most important of the old missions of California. In the long arcade of cloisters, over the rough tiled pavement, still pace the successors of Father Juniper, counting their beads and reciting their prayers. The following poem, by Bret Harte, recalls the manifold associations of the old Spanish missions :

BELLS OF THE ANGELUS.

Bells of the past, whose unforgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the present
With colour of romance,—
Borne on the swell of long waves, receding,
I touch the farthest past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and fast !

Before me rise the dome-shaped mission-towers,
The white presidio,
The swart commander in his leather jerkin,
The priest in robe of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun,
And past the headland, northward slowly drifting,
The frightened galleon.

O, solemn bells, whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old—
O, tinkling bells ! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold.

Your voices break, they falter in the darkness—
Break, falter, and are still ;
And veiled and mystic, like the host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill.

In going from Sacramento to the summit of the Sierras, our train climbed seven thousand feet in seven hours, a remarkable change from the hot valley of Sacramento to the perpetual snow of the moun-

tain top. Some noble outlooks are presented en route, notably that where the train rounds the lofty promontory of Cape Horn, from which a hand thrust out from the window of the car could drop a stone into a chasm two thousand five hundred feet below. The forty miles of snow sheds that protect the railway in the upper portion of the pass give only tantalizing glimpses of the glorious scenery.

rose pink, softest purple, deepening to almost indigo blue, in that pure, clear atmosphere were daily objects of delight. On this little lake, fully 7,000 feet above the sea, are three steamers, and several saw-mills. The timber from the mountains is dragged on a very primitive wooden railway, or on wooden skids, by wheezing locomotives, or by great teams of horses.

MOUNT SHASTA.

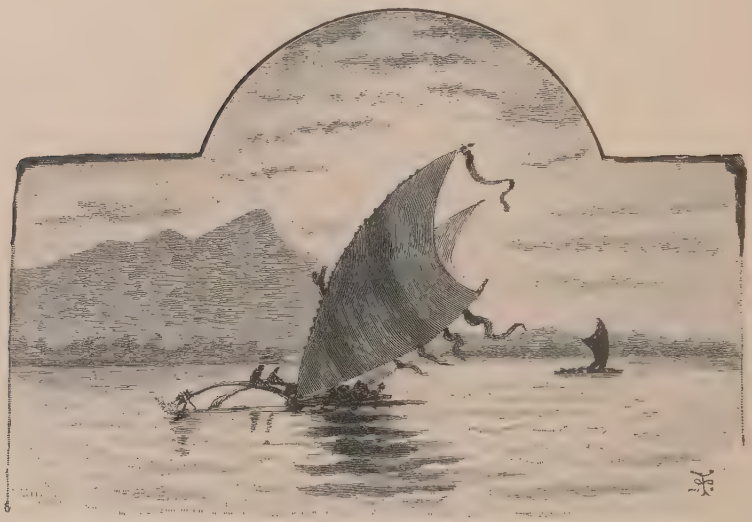
At the summit the railway station is entirely covered by snow sheds, and in winter there is twelve feet of snow on the ground. The fourteen-mile drive to Lake Tahoe leads through some remarkable scenery, first a long, steady uphill grade for miles, then a sharp ride down a hill so steep that all the passengers must dismount and make their way down on foot.

The wonderful transparency of the waters of Lake Tahoe, the exquisite gradations of sunset tints,

The grandest feature of the route—from Sacramento north—is the majestic Mount Shasta, which all day long dominated the whole region, growing ever higher and higher till we are within eleven miles of its base, and then gradually sinking as we receded. Shining in its glorious beauty and in its virgin purity, it recalled the words of the Scripture describing the robes of the glorified: "So white that no fuller could white them."

BRITAIN'S KEYS OF EMPIRE.

SINGAPORE.



IN THE STRAITS OF MALACCA.

"We are a curious people," says the author of "Making the Empire." "We seem, as the late Sir John Seeley said, to have conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind. And how ignorant many of us are about the value of the greater part of our colonies and possessions. We are not, perhaps, so ignorant as our grandfathers were, but then their means of obtaining information were much smaller. Take, for example, the Straits Settlements—'The Golden Chersonese,' as John Milton more than once called the long strip of land which hangs down from Siam to the equator. The ancient geographers knew something of it, and called it Aurea Chersonsus; others said it was the Land of Ophir. The Portuguese settled on its coast early in the sixteenth century, and Francis Xavier, 'the Apostle of the Indies,' preached in the jungle villages of Malacca in the time of our King Henry VIII. Francis Drake and James Lancaster made the acquaintance of Malaysian wonders in the closing years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but by this time the Dutchmen were beginning their career as a great colonizing power, and were preparing to supplant the Portuguese. When the East India Company obtained its charter, England learned still more about the spices and pepper of the Golden Peninsula.

"And what a constant whirl of trade there is in these far-away straits. Over fifty different steamship lines call at the port of Singapore, to say nothing of the endless variety of native craft. It is no exaggeration to say that a big slice of the world's commerce comes to Singapore, and is thence sent out again to Australia, China, and Japan. In fact, the Line City is a Pickford's Receiving-office on a gigantic scale.

"Within man's memory the

Peninsula was Malay. Now the Chinese have come in overwhelming numbers to the Straits Settlements and the protected states to settle and trade under British rule. Some writers think that the whole of the Chersonese will become British, and that our influence will extend from Bombay to Singapore. After what has been done during the last twenty years, even this would not be surprising.

"Amidst so much that tells of prosperity and progress, it is not pleasant to read that of late there have been strained feelings between the British Government at home and our fellow-subjects at Singapore. The trouble has arisen over the question of the amount of money which the colony should pay towards the cost of fortifications and the military garrison. Our brothers in the Far East say that the Imperial Government is making too great a claim upon them, especially at a time when their trade has been so much disturbed by the fall in the value of silver. It is beyond our scope to deal with such questions as these, but we may hope that both our Government and our friends at Singapore will be able to learn how to spell that most useful word —compromise."

"Singapore, a possession of Great Britain,—what does she not possess?—lies at the extreme southern point of the Malay Peninsula," writes a recent traveller, the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, "and is only two degrees from the equator. I begrudged the two degrees; but one cannot have everything in a world so imperfectly constituted. The actual settlement is on a little island, not, however, so far from the mainland that a tiger cannot swim over from the domain of the Sultan of Johore, to pick up an appetizing native whenever so disposed. Visited with constant showers, it combines in its blazing sunshine and abundant moisture the conditions of the most exuberant tropical luxuriance. A richer variety of nationalities, moreover, could hardly be coveted by the most exacting ethnologist. To specify a few, there are Achinese, Africans, Arabs, Armenians, Bengalis, Burmese, Chinese, Dyaks, Javanese,

MERCHANT DHOWS, OFF SINGAPORE.

Malays, Manillamen, Parsees, Persians, Siamese, Tamils. Singapore, in fine, is the great central meeting-place for the trade of China, Japan, Java, the Malayan Archipelago, India, Arabia, Abyssinia, and Europe, and is full of residents from each.

"It was just after sunset that our steamship glided into the harbour, and so late before we were finally tied up to the pier that we hardly cared to venture ashore for the night. Indeed, two young men, who started out in search of a hotel, returned by midnight in a sadly demoralized nervous condition. They had secured a sleeping-room, but found that its tenancy was disputed. A huge serpent was its occupant. In vain the landlord offered another room. They precipitately retired to the ship. None the less, their report looked so promising in the tropical way that the rest of us waited impatiently for the dawn.

How beautiful the dawn, and what a story was told to the finite little tourist as to his real position on the planet by the great side-

FISHING BOAT, SINGAPORE.

real clock of the heavens! Close down to the horizon in the north hung the pole star; while at fifteen degrees of elevation in the south stood the constellation of the Southern Cross. Gradually, absorbed in the light of the rising sun, they vanished from sight."

For a further account of this important Key of Empire see the following article.

THE FIRST MESSENGER.

. . . The risen Lord,
Waiting beside the newly-broken tomb
For messenger to send with His first word
Unto the church within that upper room,
Chose but a woman with a loving heart,
(Oh! fair her feet with those glad tidings shod):

"I am arisen, and I now depart
And go unto our Father and our God."
Did Christ make some mistake, that first by her
The truth and light of resurrection shone?
He, Mary chose to be His messenger;
Would Paul have sent St. Peter or St. John

THE GARDEN OF THE EAST.*

It is sometimes said that books of travel are a drug, that nobody reads them any more. That depends upon who writes them. Such intelligent tourists and brilliant writers as Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, Mrs. Bishop, and Pierre Loti, will always find eager readers. Especially will this be true when they describe, like our author, such an out-of-the-way, yet fascinating region as Singapore and Java, and when the books are accompanied with such admirable illustrations as the thirty-eight in this book. Our author begins the account of her Eastern tour in the famous Straits Colony, one of Britain's Keys of Empire, to which we refer in another article. Her descriptive bits, like the photos that accompany them, have all the sharp definition and fine shading of the intense tropical sunlight which bathes the Orient. We quote as follows from her lively pages :

Singapore (or S'pore, as the languid, perspiring, exhausted residents near the line most often write and pronounce the name of Sir Stamford Raffles' colony in the Straits of Malacca), is a geographical and commercial centre and cross-roads of the Eastern hemisphere, like to no other port in the world. Singapore is an ethnological centre, too, and that small island swinging off the tip of the Malay Peninsula holds a whole congress of nations, an exhibit of all the races and peoples and types of men in the world, compared to which the Midway Plaisance was a mere skeleton of a suggestion. The traveller, despite the overpowering, all-subduing influence of the heat, has some thrills of excitement at the tropical pictures of the shore, and the congregation of varicoloured humanity grouped on the Singapore wharf. There and in Java, where one least and last expects to find such modern conveniences, his ship swings up to solid wharves, and he walks down a gang-plank in civilized fashion—something to be appreciated after the excitements and discomforts of landing in small boats among the screaming heathen of all other Asiatic ports.

On the Singapore wharf is a market of models and a life-class for a hundred painters. Sculptors, too, may study there all the tones of living bronze and the beauties of human patina, and more of repose than of muscular action, perhaps. Japanese, Chinese, Siamese, Malays, Javanese, Burmese, Cingalese, Tamils, Sikhs, Parsees, Lascars, Malabars, Malagasy, and sailor folk of all coasts, Hindus and heathens of every caste and persuasion, are grouped in a brilliant confusion of red, white, brown, and patterned drapery, of black, brown, and yellow skins; and behind them, in ghostly clothes, stand the pallid Europeans, who have brought the law, order, and system, the customs, habits, comforts, and luxuries of civilization to the tropics and the jungle.

All these alien heathens and picturesque unbelievers, these pagans and idolaters, Buddhists, Brahmans, Jews, Turks, sun and fire-worshippers, devil-dancers, and what not, have come with the white man to toil for him under the equatorial sun, since the Malays are the great leisure class of the world, and will

* "Java, the Garden of the East." By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. New York : The Century Co. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. 339. Price, $2.00.

not work. The Malays will hardly live on the land, much less cultivate it or pay taxes, while they can float about in strange little hen-coops of house-boats that fill the rivers and shores by thousands. Hence the sea treasures that are sold at the wharf.

S'pore is the great junction where travellers from the east or the west change ship for Java; a commercial cross-roads where all

From "Java; the Garden of the East." Copyright, 1897, by The Century Co.

A STREET SCENE IN SINGAPORE

Tamils have come from India to work, and the Chinese to do the small trading; and the Malay rests, or at most goes a-fishing, or sits by the canoe-loads of coral and sponges, balloon-fish and strange

who travel must stop and see what a marvel of a place British energy has raised from the jungle in less than half a century. The Straits Settlements date from the time when Sir Stamford Raffles, after

Great Britain's five years' temporary occupancy of Java, returned that possession to the Dutch in 1816, the fall of Napoleon removing the fear that this possession of Holland would become a French colony and menace to British interests in Asia. It had been intended to establish such a British commercial entrepot at Achin Head, the north end of Sumatra; but Sir Stamford Raffles' better idea prevailed, and the free port of Singapore in the straits of Malacca has won the commercial supremacy of the East from Batavia, and has prospered beyond its founder's dreams.

It is a well-built and beautifully ordered city, and the municipal housekeeping is an example to many cities of the temperate zone. Even the untidy Malay and the dirt-loving Chinese, who swarm to this profitable trading-centre, and have absorbed all the small business and retail trade of the place, are held to outer cleanliness and strict sanitary laws in their allotted quarters. The stately business houses, the marble palace of a bank, the long iron pavilions shading the daily markets, the splendid Raffles Museum and Library, are all regular and satisfactory sights.

But the street life is the fascination and distraction of the traveller before everything else. The array of turbans and sarongs gives colour to every thoroughfare; but the striking and most unique pictures in Singapore streets are the Tamil bullock-drivers, who, sooty and statuesque, stand in splendid contrast between their humped white oxen and the mounds of white flour-bags they draw in primitive carts. The Botanical Garden, although so recently established, promises to become famous. Scores of splendid palms, giant creepers, gorgeous blossoms and fantastic orchids, known to us only by puny examples in great conservatories at home, equally delight one—all the wealth of jungle and swamp growing beside the smooth, hard roads of an English park, over which one may drive for hours in the suburbs of Singapore.

At Singapore, only two degrees above the equator, the sun pursues a monotony of rising and setting that ranges only from six minutes before to six minutes after six o'clock, morning and evening, the year round. Breakfasting by candle-light and leaving the hotel in darkness, there was all the beauty of the gray-and-rose dawn and the pale-yellow rays of the early sun to be seen from the wet deck when our ship let go from the wharf and sailed out over a sea of gold. We had the deck and the cabins, and indeed, the equator and the Java sea, to ourselves. This is the true region of plenty, where selected bananas cost one Mexican cent the dozen, and a whole bunch but five cents, and where actual living is far too cheap and simple to be called a science.

The ship slipped out from the harbour through the glassy river of the Straits of Malacca, and on past points and shores that to me had never been anything but geographic names. There was some little thrill of excitement in being "on the line" in the heart of the tropics, the half-way house of all the world, and one expected strange aspects and effects. We were threading a way through the Thousand Islands, the archipelago lying below the point of the Malay Peninsula, a region of unnamed, uncounted "summer isles of Eden," chiefly known to history as the home of the pirates.

When the British returned Java, after the Napoleon scare was over, they retained Ceylon and the Cape of Good Hope, and sovereign rights over Sumatra, relinquishing this latter suzerainty in 1872, in

exchange for Holland's imaginary rights in Ashantee and the Gold Coast of Africa. British tourists are saddened when they see what their ministers let slip with Java, for with that island and Sumatra, all Asia's southern shore-line, and virtually the Far East, would have been England's own.

While the sun rose high in the cloudless white zenith above our ship the whole world seemed aswoon. The glare and silence were terrible and oppressive. One could not shake off the sensation of mystery and unreality, of sailing into some unknown, eerie, other world. It was not so very hot—only eighty-six degrees by the thermometer—but the least exertion, to cross the deck, to lift a book, to pull a banana, left one limp and exhausted, with cheeks burning and the breath coming faster, that insidious, deceptive heat of the Tropics declaring itself—that steaming, wilting quality in the sun of Asia that so soon makes jelly of the white man's brain, and that in no way compares with the scorching, dry ninety-six degrees in the shade of a North American hot-wave summer day.

Java Major is only 666 miles long and from 56 to 135 miles wide, and on an area of 49,197 square miles (nearly the same as that of the State of New York), supports a population of 24,000,000, greater than that of all the other islands of the Indian Ocean put together. The city of Batavia, literally "fair meadows," grandiloquently "The Queen of the East," and without exaggeration "the gridiron of the East," dates from 1621, when the Dutch removed from Bantam. So insalubrious is the climate for Europeans that the Dutch records tell of 87,000 soldiers and sailors dying in the Government hospital between 1714 and 1776, and of 1,119,375 dying at Batavia between 1730 and August, 1752—a period of twenty-two years and eight months.

Even the thermometer disappointed one in this land comprised between five degrees and eight degrees south of the equator. Not once in my stay did it register as great a heat as I have once seen it register in Sitka in July—ninety-four degrees Fahrenheit. The equator was proved not such a terrible thing as it had been made out to be—a thing that might be spoken of very disrespectfully because of that misplaced awe and veneration. Yet Java is the ideal tropical island, the greenest, the most beautiful, and the most exquisitely cultivated spot in the East, the most picturesque and satisfactory bit of the tropics anywhere near the world's great routes of travel.

LOVE BLESSES LIFE, BUT NOT THE TOMB.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum.
Vive memor lethe.

"And the house was filled with the odour of the ointment."—JOHN xii. 3.

When thou art gone will they not lay,
As if the deed could bless the dead,
Upon thy casket a bouquet,
Have something good of thee to say,
And leave the wounding word unsaid?

Aye, that were well, but past the date
To be of any use to thee;
Post-mortem kindness comes too late,
The dead cannot appreciate
The lilies that they cannot see.

The fragrance from the wreath of flowers
With care upon the coffin laid,
Can ne'er float back o'er weary hours
That often in this world of ours
Make strong appeal for friendship's aid.

Keep not your ointment hid away
And rob your friend of its perfume.
The kind words that you mean to say
When he is gone—speak them to-day;
Love blesses life, and not the tomb.

—*Luke Woodard.*

PICTURESQUE SICILY.*

From "Picturesque Sicily." Copyright, 1897, by Harper & Brothers.

"IL FORO ITALICO," PALERMO, MONTE PELLEGRINO.

Although tourist travel covers every part of the mainland of Italy—that stalwart leg stretching far into the Mediterranean—"The Trinacrian Isle," as Horace called it, which lies at the toe of its gigantic foot, is comparatively little known. Yet no part of Europe is so rich in classic remains and magnificent scenery, or has more stirring historic associations.

Mr. Paton expresses his great surprise to learn that there are more ruins of Greek temples in the Island of Sicily than are to be found in the Peloponnesus, or in all Greece besides. He describes it as the "Archaeological Museum of Europe," containing remains of ancient civilizations from the caves of the cliff-dwellers, and the structures of the Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Saracens, Normans, and half a score of other conquerors. For fifteen hundred years it was the battle-field between the East and West. Not till 1860 did Garibaldi break the bondage of centuries.

Mr. Paton's volume is one of fascinating interest, is written with enthusiastic admiration, and is admirably illustrated by forty-eight engravings. He intended to stay but a few days in Palermo, but its interest retained him for three

* "Picturesque Sicily," by William Agnew Paton. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxiv.-384.

months. Much of the rest of the island he studied in the same leisurely way.

One of the most tragical episodes in the history of this lovely land is that known as the historic Vespers of Palermo. The story we condense from his narrative :

The miserable Sicilians had suffered untold cruelties at the hands of the French, and there seemed to be no relief possible. The foot of the stranger was on the neck of the people. Tax-gatherers exacted the uttermost farthing, and seized lands, houses, and crops to satisfy unpaid claims. Palermo, the ancient capital of the kingdom, most hated, most oppressed by its foreign governors, was daily the scene of outrages, arrests, and banishments. Easter Sunday, 1282 A.D., was an occasion for mourning rather than for celebrating the resurrection of the Saviour of the world. On Easter Tuesday the grand square was crowded with people on their way to church or amusing themselves in the shade of the trees, when the followers of the French governor suddenly appeared among them and caused great alarm by their unusually bold and truculent behaviour. Near by a young woman of rare beauty and of modest mien was walking with her sweetheart. A French soldier made an insulting remark to her, which was resented by her escort. The captain of the guard cried out : "The ribald chatterers are armed, seeing that they dare to reply to the remark of a soldier." The result was an attack on the French. If the struggle was brief, it was bloody and decisive. Great was the slaughter of the Sicilians, but greater still was the slaughter of the French. An historian laconically states: "There were two hundred Frenchmen, and of them two hundred were killed."

All that day and all that night the massacre continued; palaces were stormed, guard-houses broken into; every corner of the city was searched, and everywhere, to the cry, "Morte ai Francesi !" the slaughter went on. The islanders freed themselves at last from the hateful tyranny of the French. It is true that the war of the Vespers continued for years, but the dominion of the French in Sicily had passed away forever.

Although the country abounds in natural resources, and was once in large degree the granary of Rome, the condition of the people, ground down by taxes and by the exactions of the clergy, is one of extreme poverty. To eight-tenths of the Sicilians animal food is an untasted luxury. The principal staple of sea-food is a slimy, grewsome-looking monster, the polyp, called "squid" by Newfoundland fishermen, who use them for bait. More uninviting, more disgusting-looking objects than these same polyps, the small-fry of Victor Hugo's "devil-fish," one can hardly imagine. Yet they are eagerly sought for by poor Sicilians, who count themselves fortunate if—on Friday, at least, if not oftener—they may make a meal of a mess from which a New York 'longshoreman would turn away with loathing.

Mr. Paton visited the peasant people in their humble homes, heard their sad stories, and sympathized with their sorrows. One of the worst of these is the military conscription. The young peasants and bread-winners are dragged off to spend the best years of their life in the army. The following account of a recruit parting from his family describes the emotion with which these passionate people resent conscription : The children gave loud voice to their sorrow; the mother frantically kissed

her boy, his face, his hands, his clothing, and, falling to the ground, kissed his feet. Leaping to her feet in a paroxysm of fury, she crossed herself, spat upon the tips of her fingers, and, stooping, made the sign of a cross upon the pavement, upon which she threw herself and lay at full length, weeping hysterically. The children, bellowing and gesticulating, followed the young recruit to the corner of the street, whence they shrieked a last farewell to the young soldier, who trudged beside the sergeant, weeping aloud.

From "Picturesque Sicily." Copyright, 1897, by Harper & Brothers.

AN ANCIENT WELL.

The illustrations of the beautiful Norman architecture, the exquisite window tracery, the marvellous mosaics and carvings, the classic ruins, and the Arab, Greek, Norman, Saracen types of the

people given in this volume are in the highest degree instructive. Nowhere are such magnificent mosaics to be found in the world as in the Cathedral of Monreale. But the glory of Mount Aetna surpassed all else our tourists beheld. Mr. Paton thus rhapsodizes: "Yes, there was Aetna, and in his presence all the mountains dwindle to hills, and all the hills to pleasant knolls. The eye noted nothing but the sky, the sea, the Aetna, through leagues and leagues of thin, translucent air. So distant and yet apparently so near, it seemed as if one might journey to its base before night had shut out the view of the everlasting snow. Thereafter, all the glories of landscape, of mountains and valleys, and long reach of coast seemed insignificant and of small import; the eye lingers upon Aetna, attracted resistlessly to the superb spectacle.

"In the Cathedral of Monreale all that the brain of man could devise, all that the hand of man could create, has been realized to beautify one of the wonders of the world of art. Nevertheless, while standing in the irised light of the grand choir, looking at the jewelled walls, at the gold, the marble, the jasper, the lapis lazuli, teased out of thought by all the dainty loveliness of the place, we remembered the glory of the snow-capped dome of Aetna, marvellous in sunlight, and the painfully wrought earthly splendour of Monreale faded away as the soul recalled the words, 'What is man that thou art mindful of him?'"

One of the most interesting things the Paton party visited was the scientific observatory on the slopes of Mount Aetna. The seismographs, for recording the faintest tremour of the earth, were so sensitive that the heat of the body of an observer standing near, and even the beating of his heart, disturbed their fine adjustment. "We have to confess that we were strangely moved, awe-stricken, as we peered into the microscope, and beheld on a little white diagram the almost imperceptible tell-tale film, which was set in motion and kept swinging to and fro by the trembling of the earth on which we live, move, and have our being. It was almost impossible to realize that we beheld an earthquake, and we turned to Professor Ricco and expressed our astonishment. He smiled and said, 'The earth is never at rest; it always trembles.' An oscillation of a five-thousandth part of an inch could be accurately measured. Vesuvius, compared with Aetna, is a mere pocket volcano."

The towns on the slope of Aetna have been over and over again buried by lava, yet sometimes the exhibition of the veil of Sant' Agata turned aside the tide of lava flowing on in a wave thirty feet high—so the devout believed.

The famous Ear of Dionysius, at Syracuse, an immense grotto where, it is said, the tyrant used to overhear the whisperings of his prisoners, has an extraordinary echo. "Our words came back to us, not once, but countless times; were shouted back to us, spoken, whispered, shouted again and again, until we fancied we had awakened, not Dionysius, but a thousand imps that mocked at us. From the trumpet-like mouth of the cavern came a thousand words for every one that we had spoken. When a bow was drawn across a violin we could fancy that the stringed instruments of twenty orchestras were being tuned; when we clapped our hands there came back a round of applause. A single word provoked a hundred in reply, Dionysius, in his volubility, aping Xanthippe, wife of Socrates."

The extreme poverty and

wretchedness of the people brooded like a nightmare over fair Sicily. "The exhibition of misery, of public woe," says Mr. Paton, "took away our appetites. Up one filthy street, down another, meeting poverty-stricken folk; pale, anaemic women, hollow-eyed men, ragged, weird children, who begged us for bread, croaking in hoarse accents like weary old people tired of the world. Where there was work to do it was being done, and we saw mere children—little boys busily pegging shoes in the stalls of the cobblers, and wee girls mending rags that were but fit for paper-mills. Sicily is as poverty-stricken to-day as in the ancient days when Verres laid waste 'the granary of the world,' and the traveller who beholds the heart-rending woe of the inhabitants of an island that, in happier days, was 'a garden of delight,' may well recall the words of Cicero—'O spectaculum miserum atque acerbum.'"

Yet in the churches were accumulated untold stores of wealth. At a festa in Catania the silver statue of Sant' Agata was borne through the streets. This statue, with its pedestal, weighed several tons. This enormous weight was carried forward no more than ten yards at a time, although borne aloft by three hundred or more bearers, all sorts and conditions of men, who placed their shoulders beneath two enormous beams, fifty or sixty feet in length, fastened to the sides of the pedestal. Not more than thirty feet were the three hundred men able to carry the shrine and image without stopping to rest, and when they were utterly exhausted their places were taken by other bearers, who marched before and behind the statue.

"Ah! what a land of delight would Sicily be were it not for the multitude of unutterably wretched beings that haunt the fairest scenes like ghosts from the nether world visiting the glimpses of paradise! 'Sicily is the smile of God;' in that wonderland all nature is magnificent, lavish, prodigal, but the people of this earthly paradise suffer the agonies of Tantalus, while Tisiphone, with her fearful sisters,

> "Sits on the threshold day and night
> With eyes that know no sleep."

Valuable appendices describe the Maffia, the brigand system, and the Sicilian political question. Sicily, under the Bourbon and preceding tyrannies, was "the Ireland of Italy," but under the enlightened government of Rudini and Crispi, both Sicilian premiers of Italy, its wrongs are being redressed, its prosperity secured.

In another article we show the efforts which Wesleyan Methodist missionaries undertake to retrieve the fortunes of that lovely land through the ministry of the Gospel of Christ.

A WORLD RENEWED TO LIFE.

I say to all men, far and near,
That Christ is risen again:
That He is with us, now and here,
And ever shall remain.

And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His kingdom without end.

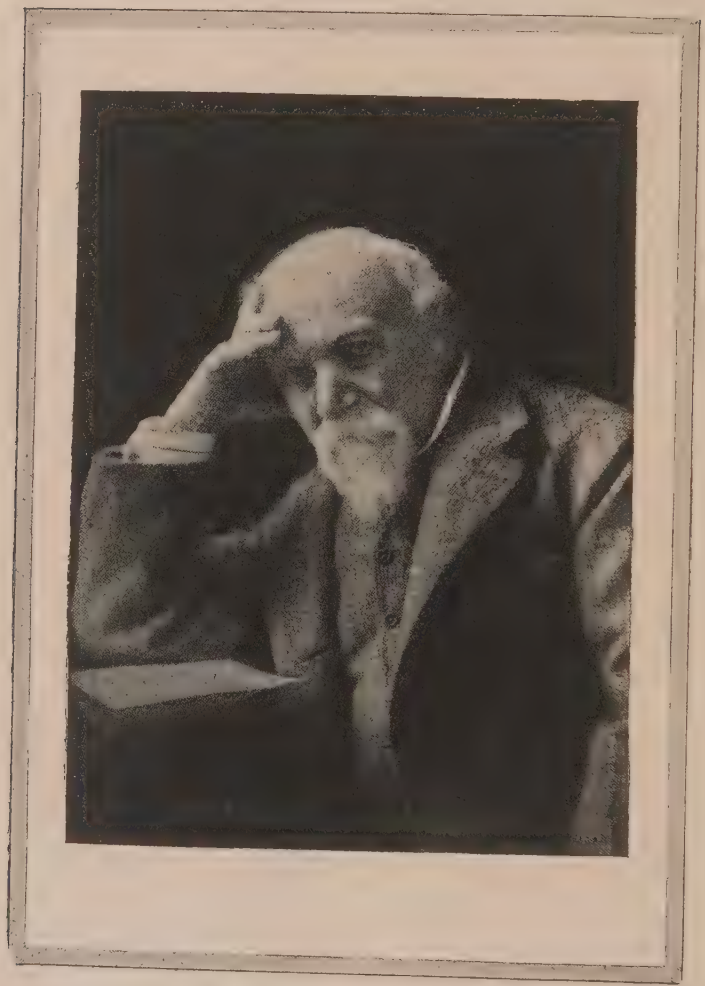
The way of darkness that Christ trod
To heaven at last shall come,
And he who hearkens to His word
Shall reach his Father's home.

Now let the mourner grieve no more,
Though his beloved sleep;
A happier meeting shall restore
Their light to eyes that weep.

He lives! His presence hath not ceased,
Though foes and fears be rife;
And thus we hail in Easter's feast
A world renewed to life.

—Fred Von Hardenberg. Translated by C. Winkworth.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.*



BROWNING AT 77 (1889).

Next to Shakespeare, we deem Robert Browning the greatest dramatic writer in the English language. His collected writings are little less in bulk than Shakespeare's, exceeding, we think, those of any other English poet, and being, we judge, fully twice as much as Tennyson's.

"The Ring and the Book" is Browning's greatest poem, one of the noblest poems ever written. Pompilia, its heroine, in womanly winsomeness, in soul-whiteness, and loving trustfulness, is unsurpassed in the whole range of

* "The Ring and the Book." By Robert Browning, from the Author's revised text. Edited with Biographical and Critical Notes and Introduction by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. xlviii.-490. Price, $2.00.

literature. The volume under review is the most satisfactory edition of this great work with which we are acquainted. The print is clear and distinct. Seventeen excellent half-tones represent scenes connected with the poem. The numerous foot-notes explain the obscurities of the text, and the inductory essay admirably interprets its moral significance.

Browning is not always easy reading, but we know no poet who will better repay the study demanded for the comprehension of his works. The difficulties of that task have been greatly exaggerated. "The Ring and the Book" is the longest in the language—twice as long as Milton's "Paradise Lost." Yet we venture to say that it has fewer obscure lines. It is a marvellous tour de force. The same story is told ten times over from different points of view. One would imagine it would become insufferably tedious; instead of this the interest increases with each telling, and leaves us filled with admiration for the genius of the writer who can so thoroughly identify himself with so many different narrators.

This poem, says James Thompson, the poet, seems too gigantic to have been wrought out by a single man. He compares it in its grandeur and complexity to a great Gothic cathedral. But with this difference: "As a Gothic cathedral has been termed a petrified forest, we must image this work as a vivified cathedral, thrilling hot, swift life through all its marble nerves."

Of the heroine, Pompilia, the editors remark: "She stands as the embodiment of that higher law which works behind all narrow-minded conceptions of duty; she grasps the relations of evil to good in the world, and her large charity makes room for even her arch-enemy in the healing shadow of God. Withal she is so human and lovable."

The tragic story is too long to rehearse. The gem of the whole is the pathos and power with which Pompilia on her death-bed tells the tear-compelling story of her wrongs. Then there is the view which one half of Rome, who sympathize with Guido, her cruel husband, take. Book III. represents the opinion of the other half of Rome. Then there is a Tertium Quid—the opinion of a superior critic, who differs from both. In Book V. Guido makes his own defence. Opposed to this is the passionate speech of Caponsacchi in defence of Pompilia. Books VIII. and IX. give the pleadings of the lawyers, who show their pettifogging pedantry and subtle sophistry in either side of the great trial. An appeal is made to the Pope Innocent, who in philosophic mode reviews the evidence and gives judgment. Guido finally makes a frank confession of his crime, and the poet concludes with an interpretation of the whole.

It is a marvellous picture of the times, but its supreme beauty is the portraiture of the white-souled Pompilia, like the snow-white lily breathing its fragrance amid a foul environment.

The portrait accompanying this volume shows the poet sage and seer in the last year of his life. He died December 12, 1889, on the very day of the issue of his latest volume, "Asolando," and was buried in the Poet's Corner at Westminster Abbey on the last day of the year. We present in another article an estimate of Browning's interpretation of Christianity.

BROWNING'S INTERPRETATION OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY FLORENCE E. WITHROW, B.A.

It is upon the revelation of the divine love within the soul that Browning bases the salvation of humanity. He tells us our higher instincts are not "objects of suspicion, to be put into the crucible and dissolved into relics of prehistoric fear, selfishness, and superstition; but they are the rifts through which the light of spiritual truth, in the hour of high emotion, streams in upon us." It is through this transparency to the inner soul-life that the true poet becomes "God's glow-worm"—the luminous revealer of the Divine. Hence we behold Browning in the great temple of humanity as a high priest of the spiritual life. He had the wisdom ever to "hold on, hope hard in the subtle thing that's spirit." The things of the spiritual world are the enduring realities.

> "Earth changes, but the soul and God stand fast."

Persistently does Browning reiterate this thought. In Paracelsus he has shown that intellect without love is dead. Paracelsus has sought to know. He is the victim of an aspiring intellect, one whose ambition transcends all earthly limits. What has his desire brought him but bitterness and disappointment? In anguish at his bitter failure he cries:

> "Mind is nothing but disease,
> And natural health is ignorance."

To the mind of Browning the gleams of knowledge which we possess are of value only as they "sting with hunger for more light." The goal of knowledge, as of love, is God himself.

Dr. Berdoe, an eminent physician of London, in the preface to his latest work on Browning, tells of his conversion from agnosticism to Christianity by reading the poet's works. "One knows but little of the intellectual and religious life of the nineteenth century," says Prof. Mims, "who has not felt, and sympathized with, the doubt and uncertainty that come to the souls of men. This restlessness and, I may say, gloom are reflected in the poems of Matthew Arnold and Clough, and in the novels of George Eliot. To go from them to Browning is to go from those who blindly grope for the light to one to whose soul has come to the vision of a great light, and in whose bosom is peace.

"Browning's faith sprang from no trivial consideration of the problems of life. He felt the force of Strauss' 'Life of Jesus,' but, unlike George Eliot, he had wisdom enough to see the weakness of his attack on Christianity, and 'A Death in the Desert' is his answer to the German scholar."

Several years ago James Thompson, the poet, himself an unbeliever, in a review of Browning, said:

> "Finally, I must not fail to note, as one of the most remarkable characteristics of his genius, his profound, passionate, living, triumphant faith in Christ and in the immortality and ultimate redemption of every human soul in and through Christ. Thoroughly familiar with all modern doubts and disbeliefs, he tramples them all underfoot, clinging to the cross; and this with the full co-operation of his fearless reason, not in spite of it and by its absolute surrender or suppression."

Browning is ever conscious of the Divine Presence.

"God glows above,
With scarce an intervention presses close
And palpitatingly his soul o'er ours!
We feel him, nor by painful reason know."

This omnipotent and omniscient force, which to Browning very surely exists, which manifests itself in limitless Intelligence, in myriad Beauty, in absolute Truth, possesses a diviner quality and shows itself in boundless Love.

"Thy love fills infinitude wholly,
Nor leaves up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand on."

"Browning believes that the "very God," "the All-great," is the "All-loving too," "God, thou art Love," he says, "I build my faith on that." In "Saul" he has finely interpreted his conception of Christ as an expression of the human love and sympathy of the Divine. God feels for man with a man's tenderness and yearning. It is this "human-heartedness" of God which appears in the Christ. How wonderful are the sweet words of David, while he sings, and, singing, wrestles with the kingdom of darkness, that holds captive Saul's kingly spirit, until the shepherd-poet's deep-loving insight culminates in one sublime vision of Divine love, condescending to human weakness and death for our deliverance, ever giving itself, indeed, but most fully in David's descendant, Jesus, the Christ, the Redeemer, the Elder Brother of mankind.

"He who did most shall bear most;
The strongest shall stand the most weak.
'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for!
My flesh that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it.
O Saul, it shall be
A face like my face that receives thee:
A man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever:
A hand like His hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!
See the Christ stand."

In "A Death in the Desert," the prophetic utterances of David have to the aged and dying apostle been realized in the Christ, by whom he was loved and with whom he lived. To the old man the story of Christ's life and death is not mere history. "It is, is here and now." His soul is suffused with the ever present spirit of Christ, who he believed was the visible God, made flesh for man.

What a strange belief had Browning in the truths of Scripture, and what a reverent faith in a righteous heavenly Father! Mary Cohen says: "Never has a poet absorbed religious verities to reproduce them in language so virile, in argument so convincing, in magnetism so riveting as he!"

As love is God's most precious gift to man, so it is the clearest disclosure of God's essential nature. Without it, indeed, God would be unworthy of our reverence, no matter how infinite His power and majesty.

"The loving worm, within its clod,
Were greater than a loveless God
Within his worlds."

This is the sublime truth of Christianity,—its picture of a God who overflows with pity for our infirmities, through whose thunder there comes the human voice of tender compassion, saying,

"O heart I made, a heart beats here."

This power of love pervades Browning's poetry. In Paracelsus he depicts the inner life of a man, who, with every earthly gift, sank and failed because he made no account of love in his dealings with mankind.

"I learned my own deep error; Love's undoing
Taught me the worth of Love in man's estate."

Again, in "Saul" we find the tender, yearning shepherd-boy proclaiming the existence of wondrous divine love. Love in God and love in man are the same in

essence : pure, illimitable, and free in God; clouded, limited, and obstructed in man; nevertheless the same thing, only differing in degree. In "Christmas Eve," the leading thought is the ever present sympathy of a divine love with all sincere forms of human worship. No matter how humble and imperfect our service, it shall be accepted by the all-loving Father. What a splendid lesson of broad charity and tolerance this poem gives!—a tolerance which, as the result of love learned by contemplation of the human-divine-love, can overcome all intellectual variances, and fastidious repugnances of taste.

"Browning," continues Prof. Mims, "would not be considered an orthodox churchman. He was 'too heterodox for the orthodox, and too orthodox for the heterodox.' One does not find him much exercised over higher criticism and evolution, for instance; but he everywhere lays stress on the fundamental facts of the spiritual life—the soul, with its temptations, its struggles with evil, its progress or decline in spiritual power, and its longings for immortal life; with God as a very present help in time of trouble, and with Christ as the Way, the Truth, and the Life. These he has sung of in poems that have in them the thrill of genius and at the same time the devotion of a saint. These high ideals are incentives to his noblest characters, and they come now and then to the surface in the hearts of the most hopeless outcasts. We do not misread his poems when we say that the words of the dying John to his faithful companions are his own.

'I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ
Accepted by thy reason solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it,
And has so far advanced thee to be wise.'

"Yes, to Browning Christ was 'very man and very God.' He understood the difficulties in the way of accepting this faith. Neither the mystery of the immaculate conception, nor the problems connected with the authorship of the Gospels, nor the discrepancies of the text, could shake his faith in the eternal truth revealed in the incarnation.

"Browning demanded a loving, personal God, who hears man's prayers and comforts his soul. How he does cling to that! One who has not noticed the point especially will be surprised to see how many times there is in Browning's poems the cry of man for God in the midst of the perplexities of this life. The hero in 'Pauline' has had amid all his years of search for truth one loadstar, 'A need, a trust, a yearning after God,' and he cries out impetuously :

'My God, my God, let me once look on Thee
As though naught else existed, we alone.'"

The soul, in Browning's philosophy, feels the utter desolation of a life without God, or "eternal death," and it learns the deep significance of the words, "This is life eternal to know thee, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

The growth of the soul through manifold hindrances and difficulties is the great theme of all Browning's writing. "Life, just the stuff to try the soul's strength on, educe the man." No English poet has felt like Browning the pathos of the battle of life. Yet, keenly as he felt it, he did not despair nor bid the world despair. With him inspiration is achievement.

"'Tis not what man does that exalts him
But what man would do."

"Unless above himself he can erect himself,
How poor a thing is man!"

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or
what's a heaven for?"

Browning is an optimist because he is an idealist. With such an intimate consciousness of the all-goodness of God, he does not shrink from placing Him right in the midst of his world where sin, sorrow, wrong, and failure exist. Browning says in effect what Abraham said, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

In the healthy mind of Browning,

"This world's no blot—
Nor blank, it means intensely and means
good."

God has indeed ordered life beneficently.

"Subsisteth ever,
God's care above, and I exult
That God, by God's own ways occult,
May—doth, I will believe—bring back
All wanderers to a single track."

Believing in the soul within man as our true being, Browning exults in the belief in its immortality. If he considers the failing of human power in the presence of death, it is only to exclaim with a sense of triumphant gladness:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made,
Our times are in His hand,
Who saith: 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all,
nor be afraid."

He has infinite faith in God, whose love will, in ways unknown to us, work out ultimate blessedness for his children.

"If I stoop
Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendour, soon or
late,
Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge one
day."

To a friend a little before his own death, he wrote,

"Why, amico mio, you know as well as I that death is life, just as our daily, our momentarily-dying body is none the less alive and ever recruiting new forces of existence. Without death, which is our word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. For myself, I deny death as an end of anything. Never say of me that I am dead."

In the last poem he wrote, Browning asserts this sublime confidence even more strongly than did Tennyson in his "Crossing the Bar," or Whittier in his "Eternal Goodness." When reading the proof of this just before his death-illness, he said to his daughter-in-law and sister: "It almost looks like bragging to say this; but it's the simple truth, and as it's true, it shall stand."

"One who never turned his back, but
marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right were worst-
ed, wrong would triumph.
Hold we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,
Sleep to wake."

"At noonday, in the bustle of man's work-
time,
Greet the unseen with a cheer;
Bid him forward, breast and back, as
either should be.
Strive and thrive; cry, 'Speed, fight on,
fare ever
There as here.'"

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too;
Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel
Is Hope, the balm and life-blood of the soul.
—*Armstrong.*

WESLEYAN MISSIONS IN SOUTHERN ITALY.

On a bright and beautiful Sunday morning, in last July, a party of Canadian tourists set out from their hotel, in Naples, to hunt up the Methodist mission in that city. We had a map of the route and for a time made our way successfully, but as we plunged into the narrow streets, we became somewhat tangled up. It was the festa of some saint—I have forgotten which—and the streets were crowded with holiday makers, and festooned with decorative colours. Stores, and stalls, and markets were all open, busy hawkers were vociferous with their cries, and processions with music were marching to and fro.

At last we found our way to the Methodist chapel. It was a tall, stone building—white marble, I think—of many stories. The lower part was a spacious and elegant chapel, above it were school-rooms and dormitories, above these the dwelling and domestic offices of the missionary. The chapel was bright and attractive, with a handsome organ, and marble tablets on the wall inscribed with the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer in Italian. The service was in English, and the singing of the familiar Wesleyan hymns, and the atmosphere of peace and quiet, were very restful after the hubbub of the crowded streets and the noisy chattering and huckstering in the market without.

The preacher, the Rev. Thomas W. S. Jones, was a typical Englishman of substantial avoirdupois, who spoke in a cultured tone, and delivered a Gospel message in a simple and earnest manner. His remarks were addressed with more than usual directness, and sometimes with a personal reference, to the group of Canadian worshippers. He evidently thought we were a party of missionaries on our way to the East, or on our return to Great Britain. Naples is such a half-way house between the East and West that many such visit the chapel. The preacher then called on one of our number to pray, which the Rev. James Simpson, of Vankleek Hill, Ontario, did with much feeling and appropriateness. The preacher promptly interviewed us at the close of the service, and introduced us to his good wife, and they cordially invited us to tea in the evening. We were glad to exchange the somewhat wearisome table d'hote of hotel life for a quiet domestic English tea. So half a dozen of us in the afternoon climbed the marble stairs to the spacious and elegant apartments at the top of the house.

It was like a glimpse of home in a foreign land. The Rev. Mr. Jones for nearly forty years has laboured strenuously as a missionary in Southern Italy, planting a Protestant Christianity in the midst of ultramontane Romanism. His home presented that sweet idyl, a Christian family life, with English books and periodicals, beautiful art souvenirs and curios, pictures and music—especially music, for Mr. and Mrs. Jones and family are skilled virtuosi in this delightful art.

After tea we were invited to go up to the roof-garden. The flat house-top, surrounded with a parapet and adorned with plants and flowers, made a most delightful resting place. The view that spread around us was magnificent. Before us curved the great sickle-like shore of the lovely Bay of Naples. Beyond it rose Vesuvius,

with a thin column of smoke ever rising from its crater—a pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night. At its base lay the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, in which are preserved, like flies in amber, the most striking relics of the old Roman civilization to be found in the world. Further off lay the lovely Castelamare and Sorrento, and the craggy and historic island of Capri. Behind us rose the hill crowned with the convent of San Martino and the castle of St. Elmo, and further off the long ridge of Posilipo, with behind it the earthquake-shattered island of Ischia, the beautiful Baiae, and Pozzuoli—the Puteoli where Paul sojourned for seven days after his adventurous voyage.

Around us stretched the great city, with its gleaming cross-crowned domes and spires, and its population of half a million—humming like a hive with busy life, the picturesque street scenes shifting like a kaleidoscope beneath our eyes. All lay bathed in the soft sunset light. The shadows lengthened on the mountain slopes. The soft veil of twilight crept slowly over the scene. The deep blue sky, "like the very body of heaven in its clearness," grew golden, and orange and purple, then paled to saffron, pink, and ashen grey. I remained for a while after the rest descended, and endeavoured

> To the sessions of sweet silent thought
> To summon up remembrances of things past,

to recall the strange story of Neapolis, or the "New City," as it was named two thousand years ago, the many eruptions of the placid-looking Vesuvius, and the stormier revolutions of the excitable Neapolitan populace. Strange that so much beauty should be blended with so much misery and want and woe. One of the crowded streets beneath me bore the name of the Strada di Sette Dolori, the Street of the Seven Sorrows. It means, of course, the sevenfold sorrows of the Virgin Mary, but I thought it not inaptly typified the sevenfold sorrows of oppression, and poverty, and superstition, and ignorance, and vice that through the long centuries have marred this fair scene.

After more music and singing we went to see the decorations of the Festa, which were now being lighted up. Elaborate designs in wire were hung across the streets, on which were thousands of coloured lamps. Dexterous workmen climbed tall A-shaped ladders carrying clusters of tapers, with which they lit up the beautiful designs. Scores of small boys, chattering like jackdaws, eagerly offered their help in lighting the lamps, which were placed in large tin trays upon the ground. Bands of music marched through the narrow streets, which were densely crowded with sight-seers in holiday attire. It was a very extraordinary way of honouring God and the saints.

Then we returned to the Methodist chapel, where an evening Italian service was being held. The preacher spoke with impassioned and eloquent earnestness, the singing was inspiring and soulful, but above the both penetrated the din of the excited crowds in the streets. It was a sharp contrast of the appeal to the intellect and the conscience of the Protestant faith, and the appeal to the senses of Romanism.

The Rev. Mr. Jones, in conversation on the housetop, recounted some stirring incidents of the Wesleyan mission in Italy, and kindly presented me with a little volume on its history, from which I glean the following facts :

This mission was established in

Italy by the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, in connection with the British Conference, in the year 1860. The land from which the Word of God had been excluded for ages, where Christian activity could only reap the sorrows of exile or the horrors of the dungeon, was at last open to the messengers and message of the truth, the prayers of the Church of Christ were answered,—a mission such as ours was possible.

Our district lies in one of the most wonderful positions that can be imagined, concentring in itself the interest and the evolution of the old past, the marvellous developments of present political and social life, the eventualities and promise-hopes of the future.

If the Italian continent be figured to our mind as a boot, our mission field comprises the lower part of the leg, the instep, foot, heel, sole and toe, and then add Sicily.

A word or two we must say about this South Italian people made up of very many types. What is most sure, is the historic fact of the blending in the peoples here of many different elements of ancient life; and if it be a natural law that the mingling of various, different elements tends to the making of a strong, fine, clever cast of temperament this medley will explain the character and genius of these southerners—a lively, shrewd, intelligent race which has produced some of the greatest minds and men known to the world of philosophy and science, of art and real life.

Whole districts still exist where Greek, a sort of Albanian Greek, is spoken, the common language of the present day. In Procida, the old Greek peasant dress is worn on festas. The old Greek is still traceable in the names of places and dialectic forms.

Naples is the natural centre of our missionary operations in Southern Italy. Whoever thinks of Naples thinks of one of the loveliest spot of Europe; a bay most beautiful both in outline and in colouring, and rich in rare historic memories. Some seem to think of the Neapolitans only as the typical Lazzaroni—idle and lazy. Only a few now are Lazzaroni, and the Lazzaroni are not always sleeping—and the Lazzaroni, too, have souls. The Neapolitans have been charged with inconstancy. They are volcanic. But where is there a people that has suffered more in their country's cause than they, as exiles, in the dungeon, on the scaffold, in the field.

If the Neapolitans were not all that is good and kind certainly it was for no need of churches and priests. The city was blessed with 496 churches, and divided into fifty parishes. Within the circle of Naples life there were three archbishops, seven bishops, 3,401 secular clergy—priests, 1,764 regular clergy—monks, 1,445 nuns; in all, 6,610.

Our mission premises in Naples are in one of the most central and densely populated neighbourhoods, and only a few minutes walk from the Royal Palace, until the Revolution the centre and home of the religious and civil tyranny of the Bourbons.

The following are some of the principal out-missions :

About fifteen or eighteen miles along the line towards Rome is the city of Caserta, which has been dubbed the Versailles of Naples, where the mission embraces also Capua, a famous city in the days of Hannibal. Aquila is the most northern station, high up in the Apennines, some 2,398 feet above the level of the sea, and just under the Gran Sasso D'Italia, the highest point of the Apennines. One of the oldest

missions, that of Salerno, is important for its strategical position as the chief city of the province.

Catanzaro, the principal city of Calabria, is another of our stations. Many a student has gone back to his home in the town or village of the mountain or wild valley of these parts of Calabria, bearing with him blessed and vivid impressions of Gospel truth and salvation. We know that groups of the peasants who take their herds up and away into the mountain forest-land for pasture, have been gathered, night after night, around the camp-fires reading the life and love of Jesus from copies of the New Testament, obtained in Catanzaro.

Our other principal station in the Calabrias is Cosenza. This whole region has been fearfully ravaged by earthquake; in 1783 more than 30,000 perished.

The energetic ministry of our brethren who have been stationed at Cosenza has carried the Gospel to the towns and villages of the Apennines. Mountain fastnesses, where there is only a bridle-path and sometimes not even that, have heard the Gospel.

Our district includes also the island of Sicily, the largest island of the Mediterranean.

Palermo is the military, judicial and ecclesiastical headquarters of the island; it is the seat also of one of the seven principal universities of Italy and home of the direst superstition, for years the centre of the wily and hidden working of the Maffei, a secret society of murderous character. If the Methodist rule serves to fix on conscience the general law of mission work, that we ought to go not only to those who need us, but to those who need us most, then we did rightly in commencing in Palermo amid its 250,000 inhabitants, the chief city of a province of 700,000.

On the arrival of our young evangelist, a systematic persecution was carried on, which culminated in the religious riot and attempted massacre of our people, when the mob attacked our apartment; breaking and carrying off our furniture, and the books, clothes and other belongings of Sig. Lettieri; hunting down our people, and threatening them with death. The infuriated mob held the city as their own for several hours until the authorities could bring the troops to bear upon the rioters, still revelling around the great bonfire they had made of our property, chairs, benches, tables, broken and piled up in the centre of the piazza of the city and in front of the cathedral. They burnt our little all, the largest pulpit Bible crowning the summit of the pyre, the band of the Municipal Guard playing the paean of superstition, and the priest from the high altar of the cathedral blessing the people, who flaunted the banner of the Holy Sacrament over the scene of hate and would-be massacre. No sooner had the Government put down the riot than the citizens spoke out in behalf of liberty of conscience and worship, and since we have worked against prejudice and mute persecution undisturbed. We now rent a little Oratory, formerly belonging to the Knights of Rhodes.

Further south we have worked in Syracuse, Augusta, and other places on the way. "Standing on the beach of Syracuse," says Symonds, "we may repeat almost word for word Antipater's solemn lament over Corinth :"

Where is thy splendour now, thy crown of towers,
Thy beauty visible to all men's eyes,
The gold and silver of thy treasuries,
Thy temples of blest gods, the woven bowers
Where long-stoled ladies walked in tranquil hours,
Thy multitudes like stars that crowd the skies?

CATHEDRAL OF PALERMO, SICILY.

All, all are gone. Thy desolation lies
Bare to the night. The elemental powers
Resume their empire: on this lonely shore
Thy deathless Nereids, daughters of the sea,
Wailing 'mid broken stones unceasingly,
Like halcyons when the restless south winds roar,
Sing the sad story of thy woes of yore:
These plunging waves are all that's left to thee.

Mr. Jones' pamphlet pays touching tribute to several of his fellow-labourers who have passed away, as well as to others who still toil in this golden harvest. We quote a few of these tributes:

Brother Francesco Sciarelli was a monk of the Order of St. Francis. He left his convent to join the volunteers who formed the Holy Corps, under Garibaldi, a band of priests. Having heard Gavazzi preach in the piazza of Naples, and having obtained possession of the New Testament, he found himself out of harmony with the monk's faith and life, and in 1863 he came over to us. It was he, who, with Gavazzi and the Rev. Ribetti stood face to face with the three renowned champions of the papacy, chosen by the

Vatican itself, discussing in the city of Rome, the question, "Was Peter ever in Rome?"

I used to go to Gesu Nuovo, the Jesuits' Church here, to hear the eloquent monk, Padre Gabriele da Viareggio, who had been appointed to preach there in the hope of attracting the people. Nor do I forget the long continued prayer we offered that God would give him clearer light and holier power, and that he who had been called to preach before the princes of the earth might become the messenger of truth to the masses. He came to us as others come, a preacher, a probationer, and became a Methodist missionary minister.

Brother Michele di Pretoro was a medical student attending the course of study at the University of Naples. He became a Christian, consecrated his poetic talent and his time to Christ, and many of the more useful and popular hymns in our hymn-book are from his pen.

Brother Nicola Lettieri was a university student. He was converted and associated himself with our work in Naples. Abandoned by his friends, cast out of home for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, he became a teacher and a Christian worker.

Brother Giuseppe Musmeci was a Carmelite monk and a popular preacher in the neighbourhood of the city of Catania. So popular was his preaching that the people often accompanied him, singing through the streets, to his home.

Much importance is attached to the educational work of the mission. We have seen children, friends, and families attracted to our public worship; we have known of dear little ones, who in dying have passed into eternity with the hymn of love to Jesus, of faith alone in Him, still trembling on their lips, and we meet out in the great world those who, educated in our schools, still retain the impressions they received and gladly own them too.

We accept no child whose parents are unwilling for it to read and study the Gospel, and to be brought into immediate contact with the life and love of Christ. The way in which committees have been formed to watch and counteract all our schools; the children followed, tracked to their homes; their parents pestered, bribed, persecuted, hounded down to poverty and starvation, shows the moral influence of our work and the dread of those who fear lest the little ones should find Jesus and be charmed by the love of His Gospel.

In presenting our address of fealty to the House of Savoy, and expressing our gratitude to the God of Providence, who had wrought the marvels of the national independence, we reminded the king how, but a short time before, it would have been impossible to have had our open Bible and to organize our churches; that this would have ensured but the dungeon or the galleys—"Si, si! davvero! davvero!" was the response.

The Sunday-school teaching wins a way to the hearts of the children and parents alike. A Methodist Sunday-school treat, a tram-ride to the foot of Vesuvius, the marching, playing, eating, singing on the slopes of the volcano, and once to the grounds of the Royal Palace, is a great delight to our bairns.

We set apart for this special work of the City Mission, Sig. Prof. Pace Sanfelice, a relation of the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples. They were monks together, and now the one became Cardinal Archbishop, fawned on and flattered by the aristocracy; and the other became a mission-

ary cast out by the world of fashion, and abandoned by his friends, who is doing the humble but self-sacrificing work of an evangelist to the poor and lost.

Hundreds of families have been visited in the lowest and most abandoned quarters of the city; he worked among the boatmen, coal-heavers, labourers, railway employees, soldiers and sailors; in many homes where he could enter he sought to be the messenger of gospel peace and salvation. The mission reaches the hospitals and prisons. He repeatedly attempted to carry on an evening school formed of the wildest and weirdest waifs and strays of our city life.

Much importance is also attached to the use of printer's ink. Several periodicals for old and young are printed. Often God signally owns and honours His word thus proclaimed, as in the following example :

In a remote city an old gentleman, whose son was mayor of a town, received and read the "Civilta." Then came the request to send him a Bible, and other communications telling of righteousness and peace as found.

Sig. Francesco Vitelleschi Degli Azzi long had the editorial revision. A gentleman, a marquis if he were to write his title, and an ex-Benedictine monk, we all esteem him for his faithful industry and courtesy.

Many were the difficulties of the work, and great have been its rewards. Those who have lived in Southern Italy, alone can realize how the revolver and the stiletto do their deadly work. Those only, who have been witnesses of the strange romantic working of the Camorra, training little ones from boyhood to their deeds of theft, of extortion and of blood;—those only who know the scenes and sufferers by the awful and at one time dominant brigandage, that devastated the country, that rendered, in many a district, life itself a terror, and that has written its story of robbery, violence, and most cruel murder, can tell the difficulties of a mission such as ours.

But a great change has taken place. Travel through country districts, where life was at the mercy of the brigand, has become safer. Naples is being transformed—projects are being now carried out which will metamorphose the city (even now one of the largest cities of Europe). Trams, steam trams, narrow gauge railways, are being multiplied all round us in the city and suburbs.

Mr. Jones thus sums up the needs of his mission, and with these weighty words concludes his book :

We want the mighty, converting, sanctifying, saving power of the Holy Ghost; that, and that alone, can shake Italy from her lethargy and bring the whole land to the feet of Jesus. For this Pentecost in Italy we pray, we hope, we wait. What more can holy faith implore ? What less can the faithful worker desire or ask ? What may we not sue for from those on earth if we may ask and expect from heaven the "Gift of the Holy Ghost !" Our motto only, ever, is : "Christ for Italy and Italy for Christ."

From the latest Report of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society that we have at hand we glean the following statistics of Wesleyan Missions in Italy, including the Rome and Naples districts : chapels, 13 ; other preaching places, 36 ; missionaries and assistants, 23 ; paid teachers and catechists, 38 ; Sunday-school teachers and local preachers, 87 ; members, 1,416 ; on trial, 211 ; Sunday-schools, 30 ; scholars, 893 ; day-schools, 9 ; day scholars, 904 ; attendance on public worship, 28,074. The Episcopal Methodist Missions will embrace, probably, as many more. Those of all the Evangelical Churches of Italy include about 250 agents ; over 300 preaching-places ; about 30,000 church members, with half as many day scholars. It is estimated that there are over 100,000 Italian Protestants.

IN HIS STEPS.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Author of "The Crucifixion of Phillip Strong."

Rachel Winslow went up to her room and faced her evening's experience with conflicting emotions. Had she ever loved Jasper Chase? Yes, No. One moment she felt that her life's happiness was at stake over the result of her action. Another, she had a strange feeling of relief that she had spoken as she did. There was one great overmastering feeling in her. The response of the wretched creatures in the tent to her singing, the swift, awesome presence of the Holy Spirit, had affected her as never in all her life before. The moment Jasper had spoken her name and she realized that he was telling her of his love, she had felt a sudden revulsion for him, as if he should have respected the supernatural events they had just witnessed. She felt as if it were not the time to be absorbed in anything less than the divine glory of those conversions. The thought that all the time she was singing with the one passion of her soul to touch the conscience of that tent full of sin, Jasper Chase had been moved by it simply to love her for himself, gave her a shock as of irreverence on her part as well as on his. She could not tell why she felt as she did, only she knew that if he had not told her to-night she would still have felt the same towards him as she always had. What was that feeling? What had he been to her? Had she made a mistake?

She went to her book-case and took out the book which Jasper had given her. Her face deepened in colour as she turned to certain passages which she had read often and which she knew Jasper had written for her. She read them again. Somehow they failed to touch her strongly. She closed the book and let it lie on the table. She gradually felt that her thought was busy with the sight she had witnessed in that tent. Those faces, men and women, touched for the first time with the Spirit's glory—what a wonderful thing life was after all! The complete regeneration revealed in the sight of drunken, vile, debauched humanity kneeling down to give itself to a life of purity and Christlikeness—oh, it was surely a witness to the superhuman in the world! And the face of Rollin Page by the side of that miserable wreck out of the gutter—she could recall as if she now saw it, Virginia crying with her arms about her brother just before she left the tent, and Mr. Gray kneeling close by, and the girl Virginia had taken into her heart bending her head while Virginia whispered something to her. All these pictures drawn by the Holy Spirit in the human tragedies brought to a climax there in the most abandoned spot in all Raymond, stood out in Rachel's memory now, a memory so recent that her room seemed for the time being to contain all the actors and their movements.

"No! No!" she had said aloud. "He had no right to speak to me after all that! He should have respected the place where our thoughts should have been! I am sure I do not love him. Not enough to give him my life!"

And after she had thus spoken, the evening's experience at the tent came crowding in again, thrusting out all other things. It

is perhaps the most striking evidence of the tremendous spiritual factor which had now entered the Rectangle that Rachel felt, even when the great love of a strong man had come very near to her, that the spiritual manifestation moved her with an agitation far greater than anything Jasper had felt for her personally, or she for him.

The people of Raymond awoke Sunday morning to a growing knowledge of events which were beginning to revolutionize many of the regular, customary habits of the town. Alexander Power's action in the matter of the railroad frauds had created a sensation, not only in Raymond but throughout the country. Edward Norman's daily changes of policy in the conduct of his paper had startled the community and caused more comment than any recent political event. Rachel Winslow's singing at the Rectangle meetings had made a stir in society and excited the wonder of all her friends. Virginia Page's conduct, her presence every night with Rachel, her absence from the usual circle of her wealthy, fashionable acquaintances, had furnished a great deal of material for gossip and question. In addition to these events which centred about these persons who were so well known, there had been all through the city, in very many homes and in business and social circles, strange happenings. Nearly one hundred persons in Henry Maxwell's church had made the pledge to do everything after asking, "What would Jesus do?" and the result had been, in many cases, unheard-of actions. The city was stirred as it had never been. As a climax to the week's events had come the spiritual manifestation at the Rectangle, and the announcement which came to most people before church time of the actual conversion at the tent of nearly fifty of the worst characters in the neighbourhood, together with the conversion of Rollin Page, the well-known society and club man.

It is no wonder that, under the pressure of all this, the First Church of Raymond came to the morning service in a condition that made it quickly sensitive to any large truth.

Perhaps nothing had astonished the people more than the great change that had come over the minister since he had proposed to them the imitation of Jesus in conduct. The dramatic delivery of his sermons no longer impressed them. The self-satisfied, contented, easy attitude of the fine figure and the refined face in the pulpit, had been displaced by a manner that could not be compared with the old style of his delivery. The sermon had become a message. It was no longer delivered. It was brought to them with a love, an earnestness, a passion, a desire, a humility, that poured its enthusiasm about the truth and made the speaker no more prominent than he had to be as the living voice of God. His prayers were unlike any the people had ever heard before. They were often broken, even once or twice they had been actually ungrammatical in a phrase or two. His great longing to voice the needs and wants of his people made him unmindful of an occasional mistake. It is certain he had never prayed so effectively as he did now.

There are times when a sermon has a value and power due to conditions in the audience rather than to anything new or startling or eloquent in the words or the arguments presented. Such conditions faced Henry Maxwell this morning as he preached against the saloon, according to his purpose determined on the week before.

He had no new statements to make about the evil influence of the saloon in Raymond. What new facts were there? He had no startling illustrations of the power of the saloon in business or politics. What could he say that had not been said by temperance orators a great many times? The effect of his message this morning owed its power to the unusual fact of his preaching about the saloon at all, together with the events that had stirred the people. He had never in the course of his ten years' pastorate mentioned the saloon as something to be regarded in the light of an enemy, not only to the poor and the tempted, but to the business life of the place and the church itself. He spoke now with a freedom that seemed to measure his complete sense of the conviction that Jesus would speak so.

At the close he pleaded with the people to remember the new life that had begun at the Rectangle. The regular election of city officers was near at hand. The question of license would be an issue in that election. What of the poor creatures surrounded by the hell of drink while just beginning to feel the joy of deliverance from sin? Who could tell what depended on their environment? Was there one word to be said by the Christian disciple, business man, professional man, citizen, in favour of continuing to license these crime and shame-producing institutions? Was not the most Christian thing they could do to act as citizens in the matter, fight the saloon at the polls, elect good men to the city offices, and clean the municipality? How much had prayers helped to make Raymond better while votes and actions had really been on the side of the enemies of Jesus? Would not Jesus do this? What disciple could imagine Him refusing to suffer or take up His cross in the matter? How much had the members of the First Church ever suffered in an attempt to imitate Jesus? Was Christian discipleship a thing of convenience, of custom, of tradition? Where did the suffering come in? Was it necessary in order to follow Jesus' steps to go up Calvary as well as the Mount of Transfiguration?

His appeal was stronger at this point than he knew. It is not too much to say that the spiritual tension of the First Church reached its highest point right there. The imitation of Jesus which had begun with the volunteers in the church was working like leaven in the organization, and Henry Maxwell would, even this early in his new life, have been amazed if he could have measured the extent of desire on the part of his people to take up the cross. While he was speaking this morning, before he closed with a loving appeal to the discipleship of two thousand years' knowledge of the Master, many a man and woman in the church was saying, as Rachel had said so passionately to her mother, "I want to do something that will cost me something in the way of sacrifice;" "I am hungry to suffer something." Truly Mazzini was right when he said, "No appeal is quite so powerful in the end as the call, 'Come and suffer.'"

The service was over, the great audience had gone, and Henry Maxwell again faced the company gathered in the lecture-room as on the two previous Sundays. He had asked all to remain who had made the pledge of discipleship, and any others who wished to be included. The after service seemed now to be a necessity. As he went in and faced the people there, his heart trembled. There were at least two hundred present. The Holy Spirit was never so manifest. He missed Jasper

Chase. But all the others were present. He asked Milton Wright to pray. The very air was charged with divine possibilities. What could resist such a baptism of power? How had they lived all these years without it?

They counselled together, and there were many prayers. Henry Maxwell dated from that meeting some of the serious events that afterwards became a part of the history of the First Church of Raymond. When finally they went home, all of them were impressed with the joy of the Spirit's power.

Donald Marsh, President of Lincoln College, walked home with Henry Maxwell.

"I have reached one conclusion, Maxwell," said Marsh, speaking slowly. "I have found my cross, and it is a heavy one; but I shall never be satisfied until I take it up and carry it."

Maxwell was silent and the president went on.

"Your sermon to-day made clear to me what I have long been feeling I ought to do. What would Jesus do in my place? I have asked the question repeatedly since I made my promise. I have tried to satisfy myself that he would simply go on as I have done, tending to the duties of my college, teaching the classes in ethics and philosophy. But I have not been able to avoid the feeling that He would do something more. That something is what I do not want to do. It will cause me genuine suffering to do it. I dread it with all my soul. You may be able to guess what it is?"

"Yes, I think I know," Henry Maxwell replied. "It is my cross, too. I would almost rather do anything else."

Donald Marsh looked surprised, then relieved. Then he spoke sadly, but with great conviction.

"Maxwell, you and I belong to a class of professional men who have always avoided the duties of citizenship. We have lived in a little world of scholarly seclusion, doing work we have enjoyed, and shrinking from the disagreeable duties that belong to the life of the citizen. I confess with shame that I have purposely avoided the responsibility that I owe to this city personally. I understand that our city officials are a corrupt, unprincipled set of men, controlled in large part by the whiskey element, and thoroughly selfish so far as the affairs of city government are concerned. Yet all these years I, with nearly every teacher in the college, have been satisfied to let other men run the municipality, and have lived in a little world of my own, out of touch and sympathy with the real world of the people. 'What would Jesus do?' I have tried even to avoid an honest answer. I can no longer do so. My plain duty is to take a personal part in this coming election, go to the primaries, throw the weight of my influence, whatever it is, towards the nomination and election of good men, and plunge into the very depths of this entire horrible whirlpool of deceit, bribery, political trickery and saloonism as it exists in Raymond to-day.

"I would sooner walk up to the mouth of a cannon any time than do this. I dread it because I hate the touch of the whole matter. I would give almost anything to be able to say, 'I do not believe Jesus would do anything of the sort.' But I am more and more persuaded that He would. This is where the suffering comes to me. It would not hurt me half so much to lose my position or my home. I loathe the contact with this municipal problem. I would much prefer to remain quietly in my scholastic life with my classes in ethics and philosophy. But the call has come to me so plainly that I cannot escape: 'Donald Marsh,

follow me. Do your duty as a citizen of Raymond at the point where your citizenship will cost you something. Help to cleanse this great municipal stable, even if you do have to soil your aristocratic feelings a little.' Maxwell, this is my cross. I must take it up or deny my Lord."

"You have spoken for me also," replied Maxwell, with a sad smile. "Why should I, simply because I am a minister, shelter myself behind my refined, sensitive feelings and, like a coward, refuse to touch, except in a sermon possibly, the duty of citizenship? I am unused to the ways of the political life of the city. I have never taken an active part in any nomination of good men. There are hundreds of ministers like me. As a class, we do not practice, in the municipal life, the duties and privileges we preach from the pulpit. What would Jesus do? I am now at a point where, like you, I am driven to answer the question one way. My duty is plain. I must suffer. All my parish work, all my little trials or self-sacrifices, are as nothing to me compared with the breaking into my scholarly, intellectual, self-contained habits of this open, coarse, public fight for a clean city life.

"I could go and live at the Rectangle the rest of my days and work in the slums for a bare living and I could enjoy it more than the thought of plunging into a fight for the reform of this whiskey-ridden city. It would cost me less. But with you I have been unable to shake off my responsibility. The answer to the question, 'What would Jesus do?' in this case leaves me no peace, except when I say, 'Jesus would have me act the part of a Christian citizen.' Marsh, as you say, we professional men, ministers, professors, artists, literary men, scholars, have almost invariably been political cowards. We have avoided the sacred duties of citizenship, either ignorantly or selfishly. Certainly Jesus, in our age, would not do that. We can do no less than take up this cross and follow Him."

These two men walked on in silence for a while. Finally President Marsh said,

"We do not need to act alone in this matter. With all the men who have made the promise, we certainly can have companionship and strength, even of numbers. Let us organize the Christian forces of Raymond for the battle against rum and corruption. We certainly ought to enter the primaries with a force that will be able to do more than utter a protest. It is a fact that the saloon element is cowardly and easily frightened, in spite of its lawlessness and corruption. Let us plan a campaign that will mean something, because it is organized righteousness. Jesus would use great wisdom in this matter. He would employ means. He would make large plans. Let us do so. If we bear this cross, let us do it bravely, like men."

They talked over the matter a long time, and met again the next day in Henry Maxwell's study to develop plans. The city primaries were called for Friday. Rumours of strange and unheard-of events to the average citizen were current in political circles throughout Raymond. The system of balloting for nominations was not in use in the State, and the primary was called for a public meeting at the court-house.

The citizens of Raymond will never forget that meeting. It was so unlike any political meeting ever held in Raymond before, that there was no attempt at comparison. The special officers to be nominated were Mayor, City Council, Chief of Police, City Clerk, and City Treasurer.

The Evening News, in its Satur-

day edition, gave a full account of the primaries, and in the editorial column Edward Norman spoke with a directness and conviction that the Christian people of Raymond were learning to respect deeply, because it was so evidently sincere and unselfish. A part of that editorial is also a part of this history :

"It is safe to say that never before in the history of Raymond was there a primary like the one in the court-house last night. It was, first of all, a complete surprise to the city politicians, who have been in the habit of carrying on the affairs of the city as if they owned them and every one else was simply a tool or a cipher. The overwhelming surprise of the wire-puller last night consisted in the fact that a large number of the citizens of Raymond who have heretofore taken no part in the city affairs, entered the primary and controlled it, nominating some of the best men for all the offices to be filled at the coming election.

"It was a tremendous lesson in good citizenship. President Marsh, of Lincoln College, who never before entered a city primary, and whose face even was not known to many of the ward politicians, made one of the best speeches ever heard in Raymond. It was almost ludicrous to see the faces of the men who for years have done as they pleased, when President Marsh rose to speak. Many of them asked, 'Who is he?' The consternation deepened as the primary proceeded, and it became evident that the old-time ring of city rulers were outnumbered. Henry Maxwell, pastor of the First Church, Milton Wright, Alexander Powers, Professors Brown, Willard and Park, of Lincoln College, Rev. John West, Dr. George Maine, of the Pilgrim Church, Dean Ward, of the Holy Trinity, and scores of well-known business and professional men, most of them church members, were present, and it did not take long to see that they had all come with the direct and definite purpose of nominating the best men possible. Most of these men had never been seen in a primary. They were complete strangers to the politicians. But they had evidently profited by the politician's methods and were able, by organized and united effort, to nominate the entire ticket.

"As soon as it became plain that the primary was out of their control, the regular ring withdrew in disgust and nominated another ticket. The News simply calls the attention of all decent citizens to the fact that this last ticket contains the names of whiskey men, and the line is distinctly and sharply drawn between the machine and corrupt city government, such as we have known for years, and a clean, honest, capable, business-like city administration, such as every good citizen ought to want. It is not necessary to remind the people of Raymond that the question of local option comes up at the election. That will be the most important question on the ticket. The crisis of our city affairs has been reached. The issue is squarely before us. Shall we continue the rule of rum and boodle and shameless incompetency, or shall we, as President Marsh said in his noble speech, rise as good citizens and begin a new order of things, cleansing our city of the worst enemy known to municipal honesty, and doing what lies in our power to do with the ballot, to purify our civic life?

"The News is positively and without reservation on the side of the new movement. We shall henceforth do all in our power to drive out the saloon and destroy its political strength. We shall advocate the election of men nominated by the majority of citizens met in the first primary, and we call upon all Christians, church members and lovers of right, purity, temperance, and home, to stand by President Marsh and the rest of the citizens who have thus begun a long-needed reform in our city."

President Marsh read this editorial and thanked God for Edward Norman. At the same time he understood well enough that every other paper in Raymond was on the other side. He did not misunderstand the importance and seriousness of the fight which was only just begun. It was no secret that The News had lost enormously since it had been governed by the standard of, "What would Jesus do?" The question now was, "Would the Christian people of Raymond stand by it?" Would they make it possible for Norman to conduct a daily Christian paper? Or would their desire for what is called "news," in the way of crime, scandal, political partisanship of the regular sort, and a dislike to champion so re-

markable a reform in journalism, influence them to drop the paper and refuse to give it their financial support? That was, in fact, the question Edward Norman was asking, even while he wrote the Saturday editorial. He knew well enough that his action expressed in that editorial would cost him very dearly from the hands of many business men of Raymond. And still, as he drove his pen over the paper he asked another question, "What would Jesus do?" That question had become a part of his whole life now. It was greater than any other.

But, for the first time in its history, Raymond had seen the professional men, the teachers, the college professors, the doctors, the ministers, take political action and put themselves definitely and sharply in antagonism to the evil forces that had so long controlled the machine of the municipal government. The fact itself was astonishing. President Marsh acknowledged to himself with a feeling of humiliation, that never before had he known what civic righteousness could accomplish. From that Friday night's work he dated for himself and his college a new definition of the worn phrase, "the Scholar in Politics." Education for him and those who were under his influence, ever after meant some element of suffering. Sacrifice must now enter into the factor of development.

At the Rectangle that week, the tide of spiritual life rose high, and as yet showed no signs of flowing back. Rachel and Virginia went every night. Virginia was rapidly reaching a conclusion with respect to a large part of her money. She had talked it over with Rachel, and they had been able to agree that if Jesus had a vast amount of money at his disposal He might do with some of it as Virginia planned. At any rate, they felt that whatever Jesus might do in such a case would have as large an element of variety in it as the difference in persons and circumstances. There could be no one, fixed, Christian way of using money. The rule that regulated its use was unselfish utility.

But meanwhile the glory of the Spirit's power possessed all their best thought. Night after night that week witnessed miracles as great as walking on the sea, or feeding the multitude with a few loaves and fishes. For what greater miracle than a regenerated humanity? The transformation of these coarse, brutal, sottish lives, into praying, rapturous lovers of Jesus, struck Rachel and Virginia every time with the feelings that people may have had when they saw Lazarus walk out of the tomb. It was an experience full of profound excitement to them.

Rollin Page came to all the meetings. There was no doubt of the change that had come over him. He was wonderfully quiet. It seemed as if he were thinking all the time. Certainly he was not the same person. He talked more with Gray than with any one else. He did not avoid Rachel, but he seemed to shrink from any appearance of seeming to wish to renew the old acquaintance with her. Rachel found it even difficult to express to him her pleasure at the new life he had begun to know. He seemed to be waiting to adjust himself to his previous relations before this new life began. He had not forgotten those relations. But he was not yet able to fit his consciousness into new ones.

The end of the week found the Rectangle struggling hard between two mighty opposing forces. The Holy Spirit was battling with all His supernatural strength against the saloon devil, which had so long held a jealous grasp on its

slaves. If the Christian people of Raymond once could realize what the contest meant to the souls newly awakened to a new life, it did not seem possible that the election could result in the old system of license. But that remained yet to be seen. The horror of the daily surroundings of many of the converts was slowly burning its way into the knowledge of Virginia and Rachel, and every night as they went up town to their luxurious homes they carried heavier hearts.

"A good many of those poor creatures will go back again," Gray would say with a sadness too deep for tears. "The environment does have a good deal to do with the character. It does not stand to reason that these people can always resist the sight and smell of the devilish drink all about them. O Lord! how long shall Christian people continue to support, by their silence and their ballots, the greatest form of slavery now known in America?"

He asked the question, and did not have much hopes of an immediate answer. There was a ray of hope in the action of Friday night's primary; but what the result would be, he did not dare to anticipate. The whiskey forces were organized, alert, aggressive, roused into unusual hatred by the events of the last week at the tent and in the city. Would the Christian force act as a unit against the saloon? Or would it be divided on account of its business interests, or because it was not in the habit of acting all together, as the whiskey powers always did? That remained to be seen. Meanwhile the saloon reared itself about the Rectangle like some deadly viper, hissing and coiling, ready to strike its poison into any unguarded part.

Saturday afternoon, as Virginia was just stepping out of her house to go and see Rachel to talk over her new plans, a carriage drove up containing three of her fashionable friends. Virginia went out to the driveway and stood there talking with them. They had not come to make a formal call, but wanted Virginia to go riding with them upon the boulevard. There was a band concert in the park. The day was too pleasant to be spent indoors.

"Where have you been all this time, Virginia?" asked one of the girls, tapping her playfully on the shoulder with a red silk parasol. "We hear that you have gone into the show business. Tell us about it."

Virginia coloured, but after a moment's hesitation she frankly told something of her experience at the Rectangle. The girls in the carriage began to be really interested.

"Tell you what, girls, let's go slumming with Virginia this afternoon instead of going to the band concert! I've never been down to the Rectangle. I've heard it's an awful wicked place and lots to see. Virginia will act as a guide, and it would be real,"—"fun," she was going to say, but Virginia's look made her substitute the word, "interesting."

Virginia was angry. At first thought she said to herself she would never go under any such circumstances. The other girls seemed to be of the same mind as the speaker. They chimed in with earnestness and asked Virginia to take them down there.

Suddenly she saw in the idle curiosity of the girls an opportunity. They had never seen the sin and misery of Raymond. Why should they not see it, even if their motives in going down there were simply to pass away an afternoon?

"Very well, I'll go with you. You must obey my orders, and let

me take you where you can see the most," she said, and she entered the carriage and took the seat beside the girl who had first suggested the trip to the Rectangle.

"Hadn't we better take a policeman along," said one of the girls with a nervous laugh. "It really isn't safe down there, you know."

"There's no danger," said Virginia briefly.

"Is it true that Rollin has been converted?" asked the first speaker looking at Virginia curiously. It impressed her during the drive to the Rectangle that all three of her friends were regarding her with close attention as if she were very peculiar.

"Yes, he certainly is. I saw him myself on the night of the first interest shown, a week ago Saturday," replied Virginia, who did not know just how to tell that scene.

"I understand he is going around to the clubs talking with his old friends there, trying to preach to them. Doesn't that seem funny?" said the girl with the red silk parasol.

Virginia did not answer, and the other girls were beginning to feel sober as the carriage turned into the street leading to the Rectangle. As they neared the district, they grew more and more nervous. The sights and smells and sounds which had become familiar to Virginia, struck the senses of these refined, delicate, society girls as something horrible. As they entered farther into the district, the Rectangle seemed to stare as with one great, bleary, beer-soaked countenance at this fine carriage with its load of fashionably dressed young ladies. "Slumming" had never been a fad with Raymond society, and this was perhaps the first time the two had come together in this way. The girls felt that, instead of seeing the Rectangle, they were being the objects of curiosity. They were frightened and disgusted.

"Let's go back. I've seen enough," said the girl who was sitting with Virginia.

They were at that moment just opposite a notorious saloon and gambling house. The street was narrow and the sidewalk crowded. Suddenly, out of the door of the saloon a young woman reeled. She was singing, in a broken, drunken sob that seemed to indicate that she partly realized her awful condition, "Just as I am, without one plea;" and as the carriage rolled past she leered at it, raising her face so that Virginia saw it very close to her own. It was the face of the girl who had kneeled sobbing that night, with Virginia kneeling beside her and praying for her.

"Stop!" cried Virginia, motioning to the driver, who was looking around. The carriage stopped, and in a moment she was out and had gone up to the girl and taken her by the arm.

"Loreen," she said, and that was all. The girl looked into her face, and her own changed into a look of utter horror. The girls in the carriage were smitten into helpless astonishment. The saloon-keeper had come to the door of the saloon and was standing there looking on, with his hands on his hips. And the Rectangle, from its windows, its saloon steps, its filthy sidewalk, gutter and roadway, paused, and with undisguised wonder stared at the two girls. Over the scene the warm sun of spring poured its mellow light. A faint breath of music from the band stand in the park floated into the Rectangle. The concert had begun, and the fashion and wealth of Raymond were displaying themselves uptown on the boulevards.

THE SCHOOL OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES,

Superintendent of Public Schools, Toronto.

II.

6. The schools of the twentieth century will give increased attention to physical culture to arrest the physical deterioration of the race, and to strengthen it intellectually and physically. Play will become a definite element in human development throughout the entire course of school training, especially in cities and towns. It will some day be possible to find children of the fifth generation reared in a city.

The most necessary improvement in scholastic work is a recognition of the urgent need of bodily training. It is beginning to receive recognition in many schools and some universities, but the recognition so far given is more negative than positive. The body should receive definite, systematic training, because it is the executive agent of the mind, because energetic and sustained mental action depends on the support of healthy, well-developed vital organs; because good health is essential to the highest success in the business of life; and because the bodily activities directly influence the development and organization of the brain and the rest of the neurological system.

The body deserves recognition as a part of the inter-related, independent unity, man. A man cannot be considered properly educated so long as any part of his nature is undeveloped or untrained. No one department of human power can be educated at the expense of another department without injury to the organic whole. This is a fundamental principle which has so far received only partial recognition.

When it is fully understood, physical culture will be more universally adopted as an essential part of scholastic training, and physical development will be taken into consideration in awarding graduation diplomas and degrees. The word scholastic will yet have a wider meaning which will include the development of the physical nature as well as the storing of the mind. The schools and universities will soon break the bonds of mediaevalism and extend the meaning of terms that have limited the range of the vision of educators for centuries. No definition of education now limits its meaning to mind storing, or to mind storing with power to reproduce at examinations what is in the mind; but the schools in giving diplomas, and the universities in granting degrees, still act in conformity with this narrowest of all definitions of education. If on the staff of a university there were one-fifth as many professors to train the bodies of students as there are to develop and store their minds, it would be easy to discover a system of ranking students physically on a basis as absolutely fair and just as that now adopted in marking them for their intellectual acquirements. In some way every element that has a dominant influence in deciding a student's fitness for a successful and noble life should be considered by the faculty of his school or university in awarding him a diploma or a degree.

The full comprehension of the law of unity will make clear the

duty of all educators to train the body as the agent, and at the same time the developer, of the mind. Play will soon be recognized as one of the most essential departments of school work because it cultivates the motor brain and co-ordinates the sensor and motor systems better than any other school process; because it is the best school agency for developing energy, force of character, executive power, and executive tendency, the habit of transforming insight into achievement, which makes character positive instead of negative; because it is the only complete means of self-expression; because it develops selfhood more thoroughly than any other educational work; because it reveals individual responsibility and the necessity for community of spirit and co-operative effort more effectively; and because it trains pupils to give reverent and co-operative submission to law. Children joyously and actively submit to the laws governing the games they play, and in this way respect for law becomes an element in character.

7. The schools of the twentieth century will give manual training a prominent place on the programme of school work; not for economic reasons only, but chiefly for educational reasons; not to teach trades, not merely to give greater hand skill, but chiefly to develop brain power, to promote brain co-ordination, and to aid in giving humanity a broad, solid, true basis for moral culture.

The educational advantages of manual training may be summarized as follows : It is an excellent kind of physical culture because it provides interesting occupation for the mind as well as the body. It is a great aid in discipline by providing a true centre of interest and a natural outlet for physical energy. It helps to develop the power of concentrating attention. Children soon lose interest in abstractions or in the acquisition of knowledge from books or from the teachers. Even real things lose their interest quickly if they are merely to be examined or studied. They never lose interest if the child is allowed to use them in the execution of its own original plan. It gives definite and applied training to the observant powers. It cultivates the judgment of size, form and relationship of parts to wholes, and thus forms a true basis for mathematical culture. It helps to form clear conceptions. We really know definitely only those things which we have wrought out as well as thought out. It applies knowledge as it is gained, and this is the only perfect way of gaining knowledge clearly and of fixing it in the mind as an available element in mental equipment. It makes pupils creatively constructive instead of destructive. It increases the opportunities for the discovery by the teacher of the special individual power of the pupil, and what is still more important, it helps to reveal the child to itself. It develops habits of accuracy, definiteness, exactness, —and these are essential elements in truthfulness and fundamental constituents in character. It cultivates the power of self-expression. In early years the child's most perfect means of self-expression is construction with the sand, clay, stones, sticks, blocks, paper, cardboard, and other material things by which it is surrounded. It enlarges the brain, defines motor power, and co-ordinates the sensor and motor systems. Education is essentially defective at its centre of vital power if it fails to preserve the true harmony of effective development between the receptive and executive parts of the brain. It is a great moral agency. It increases respect for honest labour,

and tends to make every man a producer.

8. The schools of the twentieth century will adopt the new ideal of nature study. The old ideal trained children to study nature in order that they might learn to love it; the new ideal will train them to love nature in order that they may desire to study it. The old ideal destroyed life; the new ideal develops it. The old ideal was classification; the new ideal is revelation of life, evolution and God.

The term "Nature Study" will not truly represent the nature work of the future. The child's attitude should be reverent friendship, receptive contemplation, stimulating investigation and sympathetic nurture. Nature is the sacred temple in which the child should have the life and power of God interpreted and revealed.

The prophet-souls of this century have seen the greater ideal; have learned the mystery of nature's vital symbolism, and have prepared us for grander insights into the meaning of her forces and her processes. Wordsworth, Longfellow and Tennyson made us conscious of the active principle that subsists

> In all things, in all natures, in the stars
> Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
> In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
> That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
> The moving waters, and the invisible air.

The fact that these advanced leaders of a developing race have had their minds filled with this vital thought indicates that the race itself is nearing the stage in its evolution when it will comprehend the thought, and make it an impelling force in its upward progress.

Froebel recognized the spiritual in the natural more clearly than any other man, and reduced the new ideal to pedagogical practice by making nature contemplation and nature nurture the agency for fixing in the minds and spiritual natures of children apperceptive centres of life, evolution, and God.

Even though the child may not be conscious of the fact, its life is enriched by an intimate acquaintance with nature as it can be in no other way. Nature is a stimulating atmosphere in which the whole intellectual and spiritual being is invigorated, and through which God makes to the child manifold revelations.

The beauty, the symmetry, the harmony, the life, the freedom, the purity, the majesty, and the invisible forces of nature fill the mind with images that elevate and ennoble character. When these pure images are photographed on the sensitive nature of childhood, they can never be eradicated. When the pictures are developed by whatever experiences or circumstances, they are still pure, and help to counterbalance the evil that may come into our lives. "The holy forms of young imagination" help to keep us pure.

School gardening will be a recognized department of school work in cities and towns in the twentieth century. Every child will prepare its own soil in window-garden, roof-garden, or, best of all, in gardens in the school grounds, or in fields kept for school purposes. Germany began this work in Froebel's time. The English Education Department officially recognized it in 1896. All children should be trained to cultivate plants, partly in order to gratify their natural tendency to work in the earth, and to use their interest in productive activity and the nurture of living things, especially plants or pets. Careful culture in the preparation of the soil and its proper enrichment, coupled with due attention to watering, weeding, hoeing, and, if necessary, to pruning, produces plants of grander proportions,

greater beauty, and richer fruitfulness. By these results the child not only learns to recognize evolution, but it also sees that it may become an active agent in promoting evolution. It gains a conception—at first symbolic, afterward conscious—of the greatest of all truths—that it has power to help other life to grow to grander life.

By sowing the apparently dead seed, which afterward bursts into life and beauty, it learns that it has power to start life to grow that without its aid might have remained forever undeveloped. The teacher or parent does not require to point the lesson. The symbolism of the unconscious stage of childhood will naturally become transformed into conscious character in due time. It is impossible to overestimate the advantages of a training that, through the self-activity of a child, reveals to it the two vital truths—that it may aid all life—human life as well as plant life—to reach a higher condition of life, and that it may bring into existence new elements of living power, material power, intellectual power, or spiritual power, to aid in unifying and uplifting the race. The formation of these apperceptive centres in a child's mind qualifies it for the highest education it can ever receive. The life must remain comparatively barren in which these ideals have not been implanted. The time to implant them is the symbolic period of childhood, and the process is the nurture of life in nature. The phenomena of nature in their everyday manifestations provide most appropriate symbolism for children. They are thrice blessed whose early life is stimulated and enriched by free life in sympathy with nature's life.

When a few generations have been trained in nature love, nature nurture, and nature contemplation, humanity will more fully understand Wordsworth's inspired words :

> For I have learned
> To look on Nature, not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth. . . .
> And I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
> A motion, and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things. Therefore
> am I still
> A lover of the meadows and the woods,
> And mountains; and of all that we behold
> From this green earth; . . .
> . . . well pleased to recognize
> In Nature and the language of the sense
> The anchor of my purest thoughts, the
> nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and
> soul
> Of all my moral being.

9. The schools of the twentieth century will teach art as the highest form of expression to qualify for clearer interpretation of the artistic ideals of the leaders in human evolution, and to enlarge the expressive power of humanity.

The educational advantages of the study of art are many. The following are among the most important :

Art lays the foundation of true manual training. It is, indeed, not only the basis of all manual training, but it is itself the highest department of manual training.

Art endows man with additional power of expression. Every new power of expression increases the power of the mind itself. The possibility of mind growth is widened by increasing the powers of expression; first, by the stimulation of the mind along new lines of feeling and thought; second, by improving the processes by which feeling, thought, and knowledge are defined in the mind and wrought into character.

Art has a directly beneficial influence in the development of the

mind by training the observant powers, the judgment and the imagination.

Art develops originality, and qualifies men to aid in the increase of human wisdom and power, and the promotion of human happiness by the production of new thought, new appliances, new forms of beauty, and new conceptions of the aesthetic and spiritual evolution. Those are the highest school processes that do most to develop the child's originality and apply it to lines of utility and aesthetic culture. It is in this way that the sum of human power is increased, its happiness promoted, and the certainty of its progressive evolution established.

Art should be the highest form of self-expression, and the most perfect type of true self-activity. The teacher should improve the pupil's natural power of artistic representation, transformation and expression, and add as many new powers in each case as she possibly can, but her best work for her pupils is not the improvement of power nor the communication of power. Her work is not complete till she stimulates her pupils to use their powers in expressing their own inner life.

One of the most important educational advantages of art arises from its usefulness in revealing the child to itself. It is an important epoch in the life of a child when it gains an inspiring consciousness of original power. Any form of self-expression may be made a means of self-revelation, but no other form exceeds art in the number and value of its opportunities for making clear to a child the transforming truth that it was intended to be more than an imitator and follower. The central element in strong character is self-reverence, based on a clear consciousness of power to be used in the interest of the community. Art should form part of the education of every man, that he may be qualified for the enjoyment of the best productions of the human mind, and of the majesty, the beauty, and the uplifting suggestiveness of nature; that his life may be enriched with the graces of highest culture; that his sensual nature may be subordinated and his divinity stimulated by ennobling self-activity; that his spiritual nature may become the dominant element in his character; that his complete development may be reached; and that he may be able to recognize his Creator more definitely and enter into communion with Him more fully.

10. The everyday life of the schools of the twentieth century will develop in the lives of the children the fundamental elements of true social and religious life, not by theories, but by practical experience. The child will be allowed to be independently cooperative in order that it may learn man's greatest lesson, the interdependence of humanity, the basis of absolute harmony between individualism and socialism. The three essential ideals in the organization of a perfect character are love, life, and unity. The apperceptive centres for these perfect ideals must be formed by experience, not by theory. In the loving home the child should gain its consciousness of love, from nature its consciousness of life, and from the reorganized school its consciousness of unity. The supreme aim of education will be the unity of the race and its fullest ethical culture. Individuals will be made as perfect as possible in order that they may become elements in a grander community, and may thus reach their highest destiny, and secure their most complete evolution.

The ethical training of the future will rest on these broad principles:

That humanity may develop progressively toward the Divine in conformity with the universal law of evolution; that every child has in its nature an element of divinity which should be fostered and brought into conscious unity with the Divine; that the natural tendency of childhood is toward the right if supplied with right conditions for the growth of its best; that the ideal side of the child's nature should be developed from the moment the baby receives its first impressions to prevent the growth of the sensual in its character; that training should begin at birth, but that it never should interfere with the child's spontaneity; that freedom is the only true condition of perfect growth; that coercion dwarfs and reward-giving as an inducement to good conduct degrades; that positivity or spiritual propulsion is an important element in character; that ethical culture must be given in each stage of development in order that the true growth of succeeding stages may be attained; that it is a grave error to attempt to give the child in any stage of its development ethical training or rules of conduct belonging rightfully to a later stage; that the first germs of religious growth are found in community, love, reverence, filial and fraternal relationships, and true living as revealed by the experiences of pure family life; that nature is the child's symbolic revealer of God as life in advancing evolution to higher life; that the evil in a child's action results from suppressed or misdirected good; that religion should not be associated with terrors of any kind; that the child's religious experiences should be joyous and happy; that God should be revealed as a loving Father; that the child should not be made conscious of evil in its own motives in its early life; that the child's life should be kept free from formalism and hypocrisy; that no dogmatic theology should be given in words until the child has experiences that can give life and meaning to the words; that the child's mind be not filled with meaningless maxims, mere ashes of dead virtues; that selfhood is the child's divinity, and its development the great function of the home and the school; that selfhood should be made complete as a basis for the perfect unity with God and humanity; that self-activity is the process of growth morally as well as intellectually; that right-doing not only demonstrates faith but increases it; and that religion cannot be communicated to or taken into the life of man as a completed thing, or by the intellectual acceptance of opinions or doctrines, but that it must be a progressive growth in feeling and thought in which community, love, life, law, reverence, gratitude, joyousness, renunciation, unselfishness, freedom, and creative activity are essential elements.

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION.

'Tis the day of Resurrection;
  Earth, tell it out abroad!
The Passover of gladness!
  The Passover of God!
From death to life eternal;
  From this world to the sky,
Our Christ has brought us over,
  With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
  That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
  Of resurrection light;
And listening to His accents,
  May hear, so calm and plain,
His own *All hail!* and, hearing,
  May raise the victor strain!

ISRAEL BAALSHEM, THE HEBREW MYSTIC.

BY GEORGE MILTON HAMMELL, D.D.,

Editor "World of Letters," Western Christian Advocate.

In the north-eastern part of Galicia, Austria-Hungary, not far from the Russian frontier, is the town of Brody—"the German Jerusalem"—with its three Hebrew synagogues, its Hebrew hospital, its Hebrew college. It was in this town of Brody, on a dateless day in the eighteenth century, that a public reception was given to Israel Baalshem. The citizens, having "culled forth a general holiday," assembled, expectant of an address from their guest of honour; but Baalshem, "instead of addressing to them in the conventional fashion some subtle discourse upon a Talmudical difficulty, contented himself with conversing upon trivial topics in the local dialect with some of the less important persons in the crowd."

"This incident," says Schechter, in his essay on "The Chassidim," "is, perhaps, the more noteworthy because it occurred in Brody, which was at that time a seat of learning and Rabbinic culture—a place, where, for that very reason, Chassidism was never able to gain a foothold. It is probable enough that Baalshem in his visits to this town kept aloof from the learned and the wise, and sought to gather round him the neglected and humbler elements of Jewish society. It is well known that Baalshem consorted a good deal with the inn-keepers of the district, who were held in very low repute among their brethren." . . "He habitually consorted with outcasts and sinners, with the poor and uneducated of both sexes, whom the other teachers ignored."

Well, Baalshem was indeed a unique teacher—a very definite force in matters of faith, though, in the west, an almost vague and unknown figure, and, latterly, less and less potent in the Galician regions, where once his name was potently inspiring. A teacher of religion—a mystic—a reformer—a regenerator of synagogue ritual—a radical, whose practical influence lay in the presentation of very abstruse truth, inaccessible ideals, and an admirable humility—this last quality being exhibited on occasion of the public reception at Brody—an incident which must have been a disappointment to his disciples, a source of derision among the multitudes of the unsympathetic. It was, however, a self-consistent act—an arc of a circle, generated from an immovable centre of religious life.

About Baalshem there seems always to have been some difference of opinion. His name itself—"Baal-shem"—the master of a name—is an ambiguous patronym. It meant, said his foes, that, when exorcising devils, he used the secret name of the devil himself. It meant, rather, said his friends and disciples, that he performed his miracles under the influence of the immanent forces of nature—that is to say, the secret name of God.

He was the founder of a Hebrew sect; his father, Rabbi Eliezer, of Moldavia, and his mother, the good rabbi's lawful wife, who, however, did not become the mother of this new Baptist until old age had come. Then, as the legends of the Chassidim say—an angel appeared—and a child was born, possibly in 1700, possibly in Ukop, Roumania. Dates and

places are obscure—the fact is sure that Israel was born—if out of due time, not out of due order—and that his old father and mother died soon after. But Eliezer, with prophetic vision, bestowed his benediction upon his son, and then departed hence in the fear, and, let us hope, in the favour of Jehovah.

This was at the beginning of the eighteenth century—simultaneous with events occurring at a rectory in England; but, though Israel Baalshem and John Wesley never met, they possessed common traits of leadership, and fundamental spiritual affinities.

In his boyhood Israel was assigned the common task of studying the "Law"—but, under the sovereign impulses that distinguished him, even as a boy, from others he chose to conform to his own purpose, and rather than sit in a school-room with other children of Israel, banished himself to more congenial solitudes in the forests that surrounded the village.

This course having succeeded in giving him a training of especial excellence, he became an assistant to the school-master, guiding children to the synagogue, and thence to the synagogue school, utilizing the time by teaching them the sacred hymns of the Hebrew worship. When fourteen years old, he entered the Beth-Hammidrash —the House of the Study of the Law—not as a pupil, but in the subordinate and derogatory position of beadle. He was, however, a student of the Law, though only a "beadle"—for, sleeping at intervals through the day time, he studied the coveted "Torah" at night in the deserted and silent school-room.

From this Beth-Hammidrash he went to a village near Brody, earning his way by performing duties as a teacher, and as arbitrator in disputes. His wisdom, his insight, his Solomonic acumen were so marvellous that, having been summoned to decide an issue between two Hebrews, he satisfied both parties to the controversy, and from one of them received the offer of his daughter as wife. The offer was accepted, and Israel was wedded in due form to the daughter of Abraham, sister of Gershon, —but under sad auspices, for the young pair were driven out to live among the Carpathian mountains, in a region remote from the Hebrew community.

Seven years passed. Israel dug lime-stone, his wife carried it down to the markets, and at the end of that exile period, the two returned to Brody, where Israel was given charge of an inn. But the duties of inn-keeper appear to have been performed by the faithful wife, who seems to have been content to perform secular tasks, while her mystical husband dreamed, prayed, fasted, and wandered about wrapt in spiritual ecstasies.

When forty-two years of age, he began to teach religion. For a while he performed the duties of the rabbinic office, but soon abandoned these for the freer and more congenial peripatetic method —conversing with accessible and curious persons in the thoroughfares and squares, reciting parables, travelling from place to place as an expounder of the principles of the pious life. At Lemberg, he took part in some public disputations, but, for the most part, he worked privately and in obscurity.

He lived until 1761, dying at Mied-zi-boz, on the eve of the Feast of Pentecost.

This is not, in its superficial events, a very great life. Baalshem's greater life began after 1761. Then his disciples pushed out into Russia, into Roumania, through Galicia. To-day his followers number five hundred thousand.

I do not now and here discuss

his "legend"—that esoteric legend originated by loyal disciples as a basis of claim to prophetship—nor do I decline to accept the story of his thaumaturgy. This is immaterial to me in the study of that which is the ascertainable thing in his life—his conception of God and man, and his interpretation of their relations.

He was essentially a Hebrew. From childhood he had studied the Torah. He had wrapped himself in it—had saturated himself with it—had looked at God and man through its mediumship—had interpreted all things by it. He had meditated on its precepts by day and by night, and in his oratories on the silent summits of the mountains, and in the quiet of his poor home had abandoned himself to the pursuit of the wealth that consists in the knowledge of Jehovah's will—the inner spirit of the Law.

Others, however, had studied the Law with intensest ardour, but instead of finding in it food for life, discovered only the stern stones of controversy. Rabbis discussed, dissected, analyzed and defined. What resulted? The splendid emotionalism of ancient Israel—the magnetic and spontaneous spirituality of the primitive Hebrew whose "shout was heard in the camp"—whose weeping filled the valleys of his wanderings—who danced in the delight of his uplifted heart before the ark of his God—all this had declined—and a rigid ritualism of the synagogue, a cold intellectualism of the desk—had fallen upon the congregation—the fresh, full life of the sensitive heart of the children of God had withered.

Then it was that Israel Baalshem, wandering among "the wild ravines of Wallachia and the dreary steppes of the Ukraine," opened his new message from Jehovah, and sought to soften the heart of his people. He was the evangelist of the emotions—the Rabbi of the Heart. He was, perhaps, constitutionally antipathetic to the Rabbi of the Intellect, the man of the Desk whose duty is done when the service of the synagogue has been appropriately conducted according to the ritual.

Schechter says that his whole life was a protest against the typical rabbi thus conceived—but his antagonism was not contumacious, spiteful, insubordinate, the mere protestantism of the individual against the spirit of a rigid and unsympathetic ecclesiasticism, the stringent sovereignty of an entrammelling hierarchy—it was, rather, the disenthralment of a heart, hungry for the most essential things of the spirit, restless for the liberty that inheres in the soul born for the life of God—but knowing only the "Law."

He was not, however, the slave of the letter of Law. He sought its essence. "The legendary stories about Baalshem's youth tell us little of his proficiency in Talmudic studies; instead of sitting in the Beth-Hammidrash with the folios of some casuistic treatise spread out before him, Baalshem passed his time singing hymns out of doors, or under the green trees of the forest with the children."

This portrait is genial; there is the shining of original grace in it. Evidently Baalshem was born out of ruts—destined to a special mission—not a mere counterpart of another—a man who hears heavenly voices for himself, sees visions for himself. "From the source whence the Torah flowed," say his disciples, "Baalshem received heavenly lore." He also had right to become a son of the Law by primal generation.

On one occasion, hearing voices of students and teachers in the vehemence of debate, in one of the Rabbinical colleges, Baalshem put

his hands over his ears and exclaimed, "Such disputes as these delay the redemption of Israel from captivity!" His antipathy to the rabbinic book-worm, the casuist, grew intenser as he ascertained more and more clearly the repressive effect of the intellectualism of the schools on the spiritual life of Israel. So uncompromising became his hostility that, fearful of the rise of such an element in his own sect, he was content to be a mere itinerating orator.

Yet, he himself was not independent of writings. He knew the sacred books, the Torah, the Taluma, the songs of ancient Israel. He knew the Zohar (that problematic "Book of Brightness" which has been attributed both to Simeon ben Yochar and to Moses de Leon), but he was essentially original—he had special sense of truth, or of special aspects of it. By some idiosyncrasy, intuition or insight, he became a monist—not losing his faith in a God, who, in the constitutive element of His being, transcends the Kosmos, but attaining to such a sense of His immanence, His omnipresence, that, upon the doctrine of the universality of God, he founded the edifice of his little sect of Spiritual Israel.

Schechter formulates his doctrine in these sentences: "All created things and every product of human intelligence owe their being to God. All generation and all existence spring from the thought and will of God. It is incumbent upon man to believe that all things are pervaded by the divine life, and when he speaks he should remember that it is this divine life which is speaking through him. There is nothing which is void of God."

Creation, thus, is continuous. Revelation, also, is continuous. Creation is a revelation of God. Revelation is a process of creation in the domain of the spirit; it is a Kosmos. The World is a Word; the Word is a World. God inheres in nature, in man, as life inheres in matter. Death, in this regimen, is not annihilation, but analysis, and a new synthesis. This conception of God was basal to his conception of man.

Baalshem viewed human sin and infirmity in a very different light from that of the ordinary Rabbi. Ever conscious of the divine side of humanity, he vigorously combated the gratuitous assumption of sinfulness in man, which was a fertile subject with contemporary preachers. They, among the Roumanian Jews, as in other communities, delighted chiefly to dwell on the dark side of things, and found their favourite theme in elaborate descriptions of the infernal punishments that were awaiting the sinner after death. On one occasion Baalshem rebuked one of them. The preacher had been denouncing woe to an audience of whom he knew nothing whatever for evil or for good. Baalshem, indignant at this indiscriminate abuse and conceited arrogation of the divine office of judgment, turned on him in the following words: "Woe upon thee who darest to speak evil of Israel!" He was not a pessimist; he could not be. Yet he was not so optimistic but that he could discern evil and define it. "The peculiar detestability of sin lies in this—that man rejects the earthly manifestations of the Divinity and pollutes them." . . . Baalshem and his disciples achieved the large charity that says: "None knows the heart of man! none should judge his neighbour."

Baalshem knew the secret of that higher prayer which is pure communion. "Prayer," he taught, "should not be taken up with your wishes and needs, but should be the means to bring you nigh to

God. In prayer, man must lay aside his own individuality, and not even be conscious of his own existence; for if, when he prays, self is not absolutely quiescent, the object of prayer is unattainable." He did not, however, discredit the doctrine that God takes cognizance of the details of the individual life; he emphasized the truth that to ask may be easier than to acquiesce.

Unlike the typical rabbi of his time, Baalshem devoted himself to the lower classes—the publicans and sinners, and to women. "His own wife," relates Schechter in his fine paper on "The Chassidim," "he reverenced as a saint; when she died he abandoned the hope of rising to heaven while yet alive, like Elijah of old, saying mournfully that undivided such translation might have happened, but for himself alone it was impossible." . . . "It is related that in a certain village there dwelt a woman whose life was so disgraceful that her brothers at last determined to kill her. With this object they enticed her into a neighbouring wood, but, guided by the Holy Spirit, Baalshem intervened at the critical moment, and dissuading the men from their purpose, rescued the sinner. The woman afterwards became a sort of Magdalene in the new community."

To the culture of the fine graces of humility, cheerfulness and enthusiasm, Baalshem devoted himself with the austere dedication of a Trappist monk. They are the supreme notes of that holy life which fulfils the Torah, not to merit favour with God, but solely to learn the way of union with God. These elements, integral and vital, Baalshem incarnated in such supremacy of degree that five hundred thousand have entered his society—"The Chassidim"—in these late days of the nineteenth century. Said he:

> "There must be a daily advance in the knowledge and love of the Divine Master. Mere freedom from active sin is not sufficient; such negative virtue may be but another word for the chance absence of temptation. What boots it never to have committed a sin if sin lies concealed in the heart? It is only the uninterrupted communion with God which will raise and ennoble your thoughts and designs and cause the roots of sin to die. . . In the Messianic age the Law will no longer seem to man as something ordained for him from without; but the Law will be within the hearts of men, it will seem natural and self-evident to them, because they will realize that God and life are manifested through the Law. . . Baalshem laid but little stress upon the study of the Law or the observance of its precepts in themselves, but regarded them only as means to an end.—The end is union with God."

He suggested, rather than prescribed, a unique method of attaining this end by the fulfilment of a specific statute: "He who observes but one commandment, devotedly and lovingly, may reach the goal desired—union with God." One disciple, therefore, made a specialty of truth-telling, and at last died rather than utter a falsehood. Another devoted himself to little deeds of commonest help in the streets. "He was continually to be seen in the streets—helping one man to load his waggon—another to drag his cart out of the mire." Another made himself the special protector of the oppressed.

In the history of this unique spiritual movement, this Hebrew mysticism, there have been two periods: development, decadence. At first there was dominant scrupulousness of piety, of simplicity, of ardour, of fervent loyalty to the Spirit. The Chassidim—"the Pious"—the Baalshemites, abandoned the synagogue, erected their own houses of prayer, discharged the professional cantor, employed in his stead the Zaddik, the man of special spiritual grace, changed the liturgy, introduced the

utmost freedom, unconventionality in worship.

"Prayer began when they had got themselves into the proper devotional frame of mind. The prayers themselves were accompanied by the usual phenomena of religious excitement. Some in the zeal of their devotion began to dance; other were wrapt in a motionless ecstasy; some prayed aloud, others in solemn silence. The greater number of Baalshem's leading disciples were beyond doubt men of pure, unalloyed piety, who would have rejected with scorn any idea of making a trade of their profession. Many gave up highly-paid posts as Rabbis when they joined the new sect."

Baalshem himself had achieved an independent poverty. His first apostles gauged their glory, not by what they received, but by what they surrendered; not by what they "got," but by what they "gave up."

But the sect's chief glory became its shame. The men who most perfectly embodied Baalshem's idea, who most fully identified themselves with God—the Zaddikim, the righteous and just ones, became objects of veneration, of adulation. Faithful Chassidim made pilgrimages to their homes as to shrines, consulted them as oracles of God. Then the Zaddikim, temptable through lust of power, abused their holy office, and to-day Chassidism has become a degenerate man-worship akin to the saint-worship of Rome. It has abandoned God, or rather, perhaps, lost Him. The money-question and the man question have become the foci of the modern sect-life. How much? and who?—these are the crucial questions in the actual economy of the body.

Even in the degeneracy, there is yet an element of good, and religion is still a matter of life and death. And the Chassidim of to-day retain the frankness of character and the friendliness of attitude that distinguished Baalshem and his contemporaries.

Baalshem was a mystic, a true prophet of the Inner Life. "By his neighbours, the country folk, he was regarded simply as the man of God." He said, "As God is realized in life, each activity of life when rightly conceived and executed is at once a manifestation and a service of God." He was the servant of God. If the history of the Revival—whether of Martin Boos in the Roman Catholic Church—of John Wesley in the Church of England—of John Woolman in the Society of Friends—of Israel Baalshem in the Congregation of Israel—if this history teaches anything, it is that the preacher of the Revival comes from God, and goes to God. That is the element of his spiritual dynamic. His ordination is by the holy hands of the Most High, and he preaches by the vocation of the Almighty.

Inspired by love of God and love of men—freed from all taint of selfishness—loving God more than gold, and souls than silver, the rabbinate of Israel Baalshem has had its reward. Among those who have ministered to souls and do minister, his name may yet shine.

ISRAEL BAALSHEM,

DIED 1761, ON THE EVE OF PENTECOST.

"A man not far from the Kingdom of Heaven."

Cincinnati, O.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the further shore.
—*Young.*

HOW I GOT INTO THE GOVERNMENT "BLUE BOOK."

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWNING.

In the year of our Lord 1859 a canoe journey from Nanaimo to Victoria was anything but monotonous. In the first place eighty miles of straight sailing meant one hundred and twenty miles of Indian sailing, for an Indian always keeps close inshore and hugs the land no matter what time he wastes in the operation. In the second place the Northern tribes of Hydahs and Simpsheans were prowling the seas and not only killing all of each other tribe they could surprise, but despatching all of the Flathead or Coast Indians that fell in their way. Nevertheless, with a crew of Flatheads I set out for Victoria, not knowing but that it might prove a voyage to another port that is an heavenly.

One peculiar thing about our voyage was this, we had to lie in concealment all day and sail our canoe by night. I protested against this, on the ground that if I had to be shot I would rather be killed by day than at night. There were Flathead watchers on the shore who had a nasty habit of firing on friends and foes alike, and a stray bullet from a sentry ashore would kill as quick as one from a pirate on the water. But I was told that if I had any fear I could sit on the sea side of the Quiestin, the steersman, and that a shot from the land, which seemed the more dangerous side, would pierce him before it touched me. I was thankful for the kindly offer, but declined to show the white feather, and so kept my place in the middle of the canoe. I thought that if "every bullet has its billet" no bullet could kill me until my work was done. Time has strengthened me in that belief.

The second night out we suddenly came abreast a camp of Hydah Indians. Their camp fires extended for half a mile along the shore, and the forms of their sentries could be plainly distinguished. Our paddles were at once muffled, and silently we moved towards a point of land which would hide us from their view. It was an hour of intense suspense, and years seemed crowded into moments. We glided along like a shadow, and at last rounded the point we longed to reach. As we did so I saw towards the edge of the eastern horizon a faint flush as of distant fire.

"What is that?" I eagerly asked of Quiestin.

"That," said he, reverently, "is the breath of the morning."

And, I thought, some time I shall, with muffled oar, sail away from all my foes, and well will it be if, when rounding the cape of Death, I shall see on heaven's horizon the breath of an eternal morning with Jesus on the shore.

Our third night out brought us a rather dramatic surprise. It was in crossing Cudboro' Bay, about five miles out of Victoria Harbour. That bay will always have sad memories for me. One beautiful Sabbath morning I discovered, after long search, the body of my chum, Edmund Evans, only son of Dr. Evans, lying under its clear waters. For five miles I sailed with his poor head on my lap. I delivered his body to his father and mother, and then had to preach—a duty which agonized every fibre of my being.

We were, I say, crossing this

bay when a canoe full of Hydah pirates ran across our bow and stopped our way. They had on their war paint, and their bodies were naked with the exception of a blanket around their legs. Muskets and knives were, of course, much in evidence. In Chinook they demanded,

"What tribe do you Indians belong to? Who is your passenger? And what is his business in Victoria?"

The questions were answered, but they refused to let us go on. It was a strange parley on the high seas, and I felt that all of life, and perhaps all of death, was centred in those few minutes on that bay. At length they appealed to me personally. Was I really a man of God? and was I truly on my way to Victoria to preach about Jesus? Another question, and one painfully suggestive, was this. Were they expecting me to-morrow in Victoria? and would I be missed and searched for if I failed to arrive on time? This question was a truly Indian one, and was a specimen of native cunning easily seen through by me, but none the less to be feared.

I answered these questions most emphatically in the affirmative, and reminded them that God could see in the dark, and that deeds done in the night would surely be brought to light. I confess that my heart beat very wildly, for the scene was a weird one, and I was the only white man in a dark night on the wide sea, and my companions I knew would gladly kill each other there and then if fear did not prevent them. At length the Hydahs drew off to consult among themselves, bidding us to stay still until they came back.

They returned to say that they were convinced that I was a minister and that we might proceed, but that they would verify our statements in Victoria. They did verify them, but not in a way they anticipated. They had spared my life, and I was permitted to risk my life to spare theirs in a way, and at a time, neither of us could foresee.

I reached Victoria with tired body and nerves somewhat unstrung, soon again to pass through another ordeal,—that of fire. I remember the day well. It was the morning meal time when our ears were saluted with the dropping fire of muskets, which soon increased to the continuous roll as of an army firing. Then we saw white men and Indians running under great excitement, and learned that an Indian battle was in progress about a quarter of a mile from our parsonage.

Two large camps of the Hydahs and Simpsheans were in deadly conflict, and the maddened savages, it was feared, might extend the battle beyond their camps right into the heart of the city. For hours the battle raged. The magistrate and police had tried in vain to stop it, the Hudson Bay officers had used their great influence with the chiefs, but still the war went on. The savages, maddened with the sight of their dead and dying, fought like demons—one Simpshean chief I remember, wounded almost to death, absolutely crying because he could kill no more Hydahs. This man had white blood in his veins, and I knew him ordinarily to be one of the gentlest of men.

Seven dead men I saw lying side by side, and the sight was enough to sicken one's very soul. I was threatened, and the bullets were "singing," and the knives gleaming on every hand. Fortunately, I knew some Chinook, and both Hydah and Simpshean could talk it too. That was my first advantage towards peace. Then I was known at Nanaimo as a minister and a friend of the Indians. The

chiefs had seen me there, and knew this. That was advantage number two. Then I had learned that when an Indian of standing shook hands with another Indian of standing it was a token of peace. This was advantage number three.

Now then for practical work. I went first to the Simpshean chief and shook hands with him and asked him as a favour to me, and all other white men in the city, to have a wawa, or talk, with the chief of the Hydahs. He walked up with me to where the Hydah chief stood, his musket yet smoking with the heat of battle. There we stood, three chiefs, for a minister is a great chief with the Indians. I had still one hand in the hand of my Simpshean brother, and with my disengaged hand I took the hand of the Hydah brother and, as if an inspiration came upon me, I quickly joined their hands, holding them fast together with my own.

It was a dangerous experiment, and might easily have cost me my life, but I took the risk. Any sign of weakness, or loss of dignity —and then good-bye to more than one of us, perhaps to all. But there we stood, with hands clasped, and in a few moments the order was given by the Simpshean chief to raise the white flag; and then the white flag floated over the Hydah camp and I knew the danger was over.

I verily believe the Lord Jesus was in that hand-shake, and that He prompted me to do the right thing at the right moment. As I walked, after the battle, in and out among the wounded and dead, I thanked God my character as a minister of Jesus Christ had been verified, and that, too, in the sight of the very men who had arrested me on the high seas.

There were men who thought I was a fool to risk my life in such an enterprise, and there were others whose thanks gave me much comfort, and not the less because they were poor savages for whom my Saviour died. After the passing of many years I sincerely thank God for the opportunity to act, and the decision to perform what Jesus Christ would have done had He been in Victoria at the same time and under the same circumstances.

But about the "Blue Book."

The Rev. D. Jennings, now missionary to the Northern Indians, was, in former days, a parishioner of mine. He had heard me relate the above incident, but concluded the story was too startling to be true and gave me credit for a very vivid imagination. I met him in our Book-Room on his last visit to Toronto.

"Brother Browning," said he to me, "I was looking into the Government library at Victoria and I came across a "Blue Book," in which was recorded all about your Indian battle, and the part you took in it, and I candidly confess to you that truth is stranger than fiction."

Toronto.

THE MESSAGE OF THE EASTER FLOWERS.

"Easter flowers, what word bring ye?"
"Mourner, joy we bring to thee."
"Speak! O bear your tidings free."
"Christ is risen! let sorrow flee."
"Yea, He conquered death, I know,
But I sigh with earthly woe."
"Peace, my soul, He loves thee so,
He will all good things bestow."
"Good! so seem not bitter tears,
Pain, and loss, and weary years."
"Yes; poor soul, when understood,
Pain and loss are choicest good.
Mark the lessons of the earth;
See each year the Spring's new birth.
Wintry skies are changed to blue,
Earth with green is clothed anew.
Blossoms burst and leaf-buds swell,
Songsters 'scape from prisoning shell.
All proclaim, 'Comes peace through strife,
Christ has risen and death is life!'"

—*M. St. Denys.*

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Methodist Idylls," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LEECH.

Dawn found Stephen Grainger in a very different frame of mind, and a good deal ashamed of himself because of the foolish part he had played before his wife on the previous night. By the time he was washed and dressed the brave agent had come to the fixed conclusion that no such things as ghosts could have any possible existence for the eyes of men of flesh and blood. From that conclusion he soon grew to inward boasting, and was expressing to himself the wish to have once again the chance of being placed in the same circumstances as those of the previous night. If such a thing could happen again, he vowed to himself he would not again be deceived, but if the ghost appeared three times more terrible than he imagined it on the previous night, he would adopt the role of the Prince of Denmark and cross it, though it blasted him.

After breakfast the brave agent sauntered through the park, filled with heroic thoughts and unwonted daring. What powers unseen could harm or terrify him? He invoked their appearing and defied them. Tush! What folly he had been guilty of last night! It was mortifying to think of it.

Almost unconsciously he found himself hastening to catch the first train to London. But was it worth his while to go now? Last night he was resolved; what now? Despite himself, somehow he felt impelled towards the station, as if urged by a secret and overmastering power.

Yes, he would go to London. At the ghost's instance? He scouted the thought. But it was absolutely necessary that arrangements should be made for the ending of the strike, not so much for the men's sakes, but in justice to himself. Since the strike commenced he had had nothing but worry and trouble, while Mr. Arthur Bourne's demands for money had grown more frequent and more pressing. And how was he to satisfy them out of the present stagnation of trade? True, the very first idea of the strike was to extort money, but then the men had refused to work, and had successfully held out against the reduction of wages, and things were only in a worse plight than before. Besides, the Black Brotherhood had forced him to his knees, and he half suspected that it might do so again. So to London he went.

This time it proved no matter of difficulty to find the heir of Trethyn. Many times since we last saw him there Stephen Grainger had been obliged to pay visits to that gallant young gentleman's rooms, and to reason with him upon his fast living. But with little avail, and always having to write him out a "little cheque." So, on arriving at Euston, the agent took a cab and drove direct to Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn's "diggings," as that gay young fellow was accustomed to designate his rooms.

While the cab is rattling over the stony streets let us just have a peep at the spendthrift heir.

Arthur Bourne Trethyn is late at breakfast this morning, not an unusual thing with him of late. His eyes are heavy and red, his cheeks flabby and red, his head almost splitting with a terrible headache, and his throat filled with a nauseous sensation which makes him turn from his breakfast with loathing. He is poring over The Sporting Times, which he seems far more interested in than his breakfast, and as he holds the paper up to the light, it may be observed to shake and tremble as if held in palsied hands.

Arthur Bourne Trethyn is troubled. His face is the picture of despair.

"It's no use," he at length exclaims; "something must be done. I can never stand all this anxiety. Stephen Grainger cannot manage things better and stump up oftener, I must mortgage the estate, that's all."

As he utters these words he flings

the paper from him with disappointment and disgust.

"Not a shadow of luck there," he says despairingly, "not the faintest shadow of it. Things have come to a terrible pass—terrible."

Pushing back his plate, he rises and goes to the window to look out.

"Rather a fine morning," he says. "I've half a mind to run down to Trethyn and make a scene. P'r'aps I could stir that lazy Grainger up a bit, and get a little cheque from him. Anyway, it would be a change from being here, and being constantly dunned—— What's that ?"

There is a loud noise in the passage as of shuffling feet, accompanied by loud voices, and then the door is flung open and Arthur Bourne's landlord, followed by two gentlemen, enters the room.

"Cooke !" cries Arthur Bourne, addressing his landlord, "what's the meaning of all this ? Is this what I rent these rooms from you for—to be insulted in this way ? I ask you, who are these men ?" contemptuously pointing towards the two smiling and bowing strangers.

"Oh, he doesn't know," exclaims one of them, referring to the landlord. "He knows nothing about us. Wouldn't be well to let everyone know us or our business, you know," and he winks meaningly. "But we shall be very happy to explain anything you want to know."

"But—" storms Arthur Bourne, and then stops short for words. "But —you've no right——"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupts one of the strangers, in the quietest voice conceivable, "but we know no other way of getting an interview with you excepting this. This is not the first time we've called upon you, but you've always been out. At least, that has been your landlord's answer."

"And," says the other stranger by way of completing his companion's remarks, "we were determined to catch you at home this time, so we came early. P'r'aps you'll allow us to shut that door."

The discreet landlord, being a man well able to see at once how matters stand, prudently retires from the scene, leaving his tenant at the mercy of the strange gentlemen, one of whom now shuts the door and places his back against it, whilst the other, standing in the middle of the room, displays to Arthur Bourne a long blue paper.

"This is our business," he says.

Arthur Bourne takes the paper, and quickly glances at its contents.

"A miserable £500," he says; "scarcely that much, and you come here dunning me for that. Do you fellows think I'm a pauper ?"

"On the contrary," says one of thm, "ve believe you are von rich shentleman, an' can easily pay this shmall account."

"Of course I can," answered Arthur Bourne decidedly, "but——"

"Shall I then write von receipt for same ?" asks the stranger.

"You can call here to-morrow morning at this time," explains Arthur Bourne, "and then I'll settle with you. You don't expect me to have so much money here ? I must send to my agent."

"No, no," replies the stranger, "that von't do. Ve vant dis money now. Ve be long calling on you for——"

"I tell you," angrily retorts Arthur Bourne, "that you can't have it now. You must come in the morning."

"Vill you give ush your cheque to be cashed in von twenty-four hours ?" queries the stranger.

Arthur Bourne scratches his head and paces the room restively.

"Ve can't go avay till ve gets the money," stubbornly repeats the man.

"See," cries Arthur Bourne, turning fiercely upon the man, "these things here," waving his hand, "are not mine. It'll do you no good to stay here, and if you annoy me more, you sha'n't get a blessed farthing."

"Oh ! ve know, ve know," said the same man, smiling, "ve know what belongs to you."

"Touch them if you dare !"

"Ve've got a warrant, and this, my man," pointing to his friend, who was still standing with his back to the door, just now busily employed in brushing his hat with his coat-sleeve, "is in possession. If you pay me, I takes him away ; if not, I leaves him here for von twenty-four hours, and then I sells you up."

Arthur Bourne Trethyn stares at the money-lender in amazement. He has not had many dealings with the fellow ; but the man has always appeared so agreeable before that he cannot help contrasting his present conduct with his former.

"This is yours," says the impor-

tunate money-lender, putting his hand on a very handsome and costly case which lies on a side table, "and this, and this, and this," moving quickly from one thing to another, "and von timepiece, and von ring on your finger; your vatch and chain; your diamond breast-pin and gold studs; your gold sleeve-links; and that, and that, and that"—pointing to several other articles. "You see, ve know everything that is yours."

At this moment a cab stops at the door, and through the window Arthur Bourne, to his intense relief, sees his agent, Stephen Grainger, alight from it, and approach the door to ring the bell. In a moment Arthur Bourne flies to meet him.

"You're just in the nick of time, Stephen," cries the heir, "and your coming is nothing short of a god-send."

"I'm glad to hear it," replies the wily agent.

"D'you know what it'll do?"

"What?"

"Your coming here. Of course you don't, but I do. It'll extricate me from a terrible mess."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; let me whisper in your ear."

Stephen Grainger's face grows grave as he listens with inclined ear.

"In this house now?" he queries, with slow deliberation.

"Now," emphatically answers the younger man.

"Arthur, this is a very serious thing indeed."

"Very, for me," says the heir.

"And I see no way out of the difficulty."

Arthur Bourne draws his agent into a side room, and closes the door softly.

"Oh! but you mustn't say that," he pleads. "It would never do for the heir of Trethyn to be left in this mess. Think of the disgrace of it!"

"How much is their claim?" asks the agent.

"A mere bagatelle," lightly rejoins the heir.

"And how much may that be?" quietly persists the agent.

"Not quite £500."

Stephen Grainger does not reply, but deposits his hat, stick, and gloves on the table, and sits down wearily.

"You can easily manage it, you know," still urges the heir.

Stephen Grainger shakes his head.

"Impossible!" he says, "£500 is a much greater sum of money than I can at present command. You forget that there has been no work at Trethyn, and therefore no sure income."

"What of that?"

"Surely you are not talking seriously now, Arthur? You know very well that the money is all locked up in Lady Trethyn's name——"

"But——"

"No," quickly replies the agent, anticipating what his young master is about to urge, and not suffering him to mention it, "that would be too great a risk. Indeed, I could not venture again to chance another cheque in Lady Trethyn's name——"

"How is she?" asks the heir excitedly.

"Better," answers Stephen Grainger.

"Better!"

"Better than she was. She has picked up wonderfully of late, and it is surprising how keen she has grown lately about affairs connected with the estate. No, no," says the agent, shaking his head, "it would never do to risk it again. I'm almost inclined to think that she's already suspicious of other cheques you've had. And now that she's well again—mind!" he says, assuming a very serious air and tone, "I don't say that she'll ever be properly well again, but only that she's wonderfully better than she was—it will be impossible to deceive her by saying that the money was needed on the estate."

"Hang Lady Trethyn!" cries the heir; "are not the estates mine?"

"Not yet," replies the agent.

"She only holds them until her decease——"

"And that gives her absolute power and right to do just what she pleases. There's no way out of it, Arthur, though you, in your financial complications, may think so. I don't see the smallest loophole of escape, and as for raising you £500 I honestly confess to you that I have no possible means of doing it."

"Look here, Grainger," exclaims the heir angrily, but with a subdued voice, "If you cannot get the money, I will."

"I'm quite agreeable," calmly replies the agent.

"No sneering," tartly says the heir; "I tell you if you don't get the money, I will."

"Very well. How?"

"By mortgaging the Trethyn es-

tates;' and as he utters the words Arthur Bourne shakes his head in a kind of significant triumph.

The agent stares at him as if stupefied.

"Arthur," he says earnestly, "the estate is not yours. Who would give you a single sixpence upon it? Do you know what you are saying?"

"Technically," replies the heir, "the estate is not yet mine, but practically it is. Lady Trethyn, to all intents and purposes, is merely trustee for me, and I don't suppose there's very much likelihood of her living much longer."

Stephen Grainger is more surprised than before; the young heir is talking in such a strange way, in such a rash and cold-blooded way, to his thinking, that the agent cannot find fit words to reply to him.

"I know a man," goes on the heir in an undertone, "who will give me £20,000 down for my interest in the estate."

Stephen Grainger starts, and opens his eyes wide in astonishment.

"Arthur," he says, "are you mad?"

"Because I prefer £20,000 down to a prospective interest in an unproductive estate. Not by any means, Stephen Grainger," and he laughs lightly.

"But even supposing you could do this thing."

"You doubt it?"

"Yes, that you could do it legally."

"You shall see."

"Well, granting that you could, just for the sake of argument, don't you know, Arthur, that Trethyn is worth much more than £20,000?"

"Not to me," stubbornly replies the heir. "I tell you, Stephen, I'm in such straits that almost any ready money would be more to me than all the hoped-for revenues of Trethyn for twenty years to come."

Stephen Grainger leans his head heavily on his hand as he sits by the table, and broods a few moments over the intricate situation. He is thoroughly well acquainted with Arthur Bourne's moods, and knows that what that young gentleman vows, however rash and foolish, he will perform, unless he can get his ends by other means. But how can £500 be raised to meet the spendthrift's present needs? Of course, there is the usual way, by filling up a cheque and attaching Lady Trethyn's signature to it as if the money were needed for the ordinary purposes of the estate. But that has been done so often that the agent is just now a trifle afraid of repeating it, especially when Lady Trethyn is so much herself again. What can he do?

"I'm resolved," observed the spendthrift, "to do it——"

"Unless you can get £500?" asks the agent.

"Exactly."

"And that would tide you over your difficulties."

"Over the present difficulties—yes."

Stephen Grainger considers for a moment or two. Evidently this £500 is but a fraction of the spendthrift's debts. Would it not be better to leave him to meet his fate, than that he (the agent) should risk anything? But there is another thought; if he does not extricate the spendthrift he will sell his interest in Trethyn, and then where will his (Stephen Grainger's) employment and rule be? Assuredly not in Trethyn.

"If," he asks, "I can manage to get you through this present difficulty, will you give me your word, Arthur, that you'll not sell your interest in the estate? I am speaking for your good, you know. It can't be very long," and Stephen Grainger emphasizes the word, "before you'll come into all your rights, and then you'll realize how paltry a sum is £20,000 to accept in exchange for Trethyn, and consider me your best friend for now urging you to stick to it."

"Give me the cheque," replies the heir heartily, "and I'll promise you."

"Faithfully?"

"Yes."

"One question, Arthur. Have you spoken to this person about taking the £20,000 for Trethyn?"

"Provisionally."

The agent looks greatly alarmed.

"You've made no agreement?"

"None."

"And you won't now?"

"No."

"Then I'll risk the cheque for your sake this time. There, take it and drive those bloodsuckers out of the house."

Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn eagerly seizes the cheque, still wet with the ink, and rushes with it into the next room. He finds the two "gentlemen" seated on easy chairs by the fire, as if they were in their own

premises, and were determined to make themselves comfortable. One of them is reading Arthur Bourne's Sporting Times, and the other is busily engaged with the daily. As the spendthrift enters, the leader of the two slowly wheels round in his chair and says laconically :

"You've been rather a long time. We've breakfasted, you see."

Arthur Bourne stands aghast.

"Cads !" he exclaims, "here's your money, and now off out of this house. I'll give you two minutes, or else I'll have you arrested for robbery," pointing to the emptied dishes and dirty plates.

"D'you hear ?" storms the spendthrift.

"Very well indeed," quietly answers the leader ; "but p'r'aps better still if you would not raise your voice quite so loud. Yes, yes," examining the cheque, and nodding his head, "I think this is all right. I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, and will now bid you good morning. Come, Tom."

When they were gone Stephen Grainger rejoins his young master in the breakfast-room, and the two are soon earnestly engaged in planning ways and means for raising money.

"You think, then, Stephen," asks the young man, "that the strike had better be ended ?"

"I do. It is simply ruining us."

"Very well, I'm agreeable. But I frankly tell you I shall require a lot of money to get clear from all my difficulties."

"My suggestion is," observes the agent, "to raise the rents. Of course, discreetly. We would let the men get back to work a little first, and then it would not appear as if it were connected with the strike."

"Very good," says the spendthrift, "and again I'm agreeable."

Truth is Arthur Bourne is agreeable to anything, and careless what schemes the agent attempts if only his own purse can be kept well filled. Suffering, penury, starvation, or indeed anything may be imposed upon the people if none of these things be allowed to come near him.

"Then I shall go back to Trethyn and put an end to the strike ?"

"Do."

"I shall act cautiously. I will not proclaim it from the housetops, but will call a meeting of the strike leaders and talk it over with them. I will make it appear as if we were giving in for their sakes only——"

Arthur Bourne laughs joyously.

"Stephen is himself again !" he exclaims. "Look here, old man, when I do come into the estates I won't forget you. I'll settle an annuity upon you the very first thing I do."

Stephen Grainger thanks his young master and retires. As he drives back again to Euston this is the thought which keeps running in his mind : "An annuity ? A very desirable provision, providing it's a decent one. Mr. Arthur, I'm extremely obliged to you for the idea, and I'll adopt it and work it out."

When he is quiet and alone in the railway carriage, speeding back to Trethyn by the noon express, he at once begins to work out the idea suggested, and before he has travelled far he makes up his mind to urge the heir of Trethyn to fix the annuity prospectively.

"If that is done," he tells himself, "then he can sell the estates at once, if he likes. But a man must look after himself."

Just the same thought which is crossing Arthur Bourne Trethyn's brain, as he lingers in his "diggings" in London, and as he is roused from a deep reverie by a gentle knocking at his door.

"Good gracious ! Can this be some other bloodsucker ? Come in."

The door opens, and the landlord puts in his head.

"A gentleman wishes to see you, sir," he says.

"Who is he ?"

"This is his card, sir. Same gentleman as has been here once or twice afore."

Arthur Bourne glances quickly at the card, and his face lights up with exceeding pleasure.

"Show the gentleman in," he says; and the next moment a little, spare-looking gentleman, dressed in a long black coat and gaiters, enters the room.

"Good morning, Mr. Trethyn."

"Good morning, Mr. Cripps. What brings you here this morning ?"

"Can't you guess ?"

"Trethyn's estates ?"

"Yes, I've come to make you a final offer. If you don't accept it, those negotiations must end."

"Come up to the fire," says the spendthrift heir, "and we'll talk the matter over."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MEETING AT THE LAWYER'S.

"To hear of pressingly important matters in reference to Mr. Edward Trethyn."

Those were the words Sir Charles Montgomery read in the letter which he held open in his hand, as he reclined in an easy chair by the drawing-room fire at the Bucklands.

"Mr. Jeffries wants me to go over to his office at two o'clock to-morrow," observed Sir Charles.

Sir Charles and his daughter, Nellie, rode off through Trethyn Park.

"Isn't the park beautiful this morning, father ?" said Miss Nellie. "How charming the tints of the trees !"

"Very, very," said Sir Charles; "but what a pity it is, Nell, that the place is cursed as it is."

"How so ?" asked his daughter quickly, not grasping his meaning in the remotest degree.

"I mean through Edward Trethyn's death," answered Sir Charles, "and the havoc consequent upon it."

"Yes, it's very, very sad," said Miss Nellie.

"Why, Nell," said Sir Charles, with strong indignation in his tone, "the place is going to wrack and ruin."

"How dreadful !" exclaimed Miss Nellie.

"Yes," went on Sir Charles, "I'm told that the absent heir is head and ears in debt, and contemplates mortgaging the estate."

"Shame on him !" cried Miss Nellie excitedly.

"Yes, shame on him," said Sir Charles, "and so every right-minded person will say. But to me it is most exasperating."

"As trustee of the estate, of course," said Miss Nellie, "it must be very trying to you, and must cause you no end of needless trouble. But how would poor Lady Trethyn manage without you, father ?"

Sir Charles pulled his right rein and brought his steed nearer to his daughter's, and craned his neck in order to speak in a more confidential strain to his daughter.

"It isn't the trouble, Nell," he said, "that annoys me. I don't mind that. It's the might-have-beens that bother me. If it were not for these I wouldn't care a straw (so long as Lady Trethyn didn't suffer) if the heir ruined the estate to-morrow. But it has been my cherished hope for years, as it was also the lamented Squire Trethyn's, that the Trethyn estates would have become yours."

"Mine !" cried Miss Nellie, in unfeigned surprise. "What do you mean, father ? How could the estates possibly have become mine ? You bewilder me."

For a few moments Sir Charles did not reply, and continued to ride leisurely and silently by his daughter's side, but upon Miss Nellie repeating the question he drew his horse once more nearer to hers, and said :

"I have spoken more than I ought. I never intended to mention these things to you, but the associations of the park have unwittingly drawn them from me. No harm, however, can now come of my telling you all."

He paused for a moment, as if yet undecided whether or not to speak all that was on his mind, but presently he proceeded—

"It was Squire Trethyn's dearest wish, Nell, as it was also mine—a wish we both had mutually cherished for years—that you and Edward Trethyn should become man and wife."

The announcement almost took Miss Nellie's breath away, and she started in her saddle and blushed deeply.

"Did the idea ever occur to you ?" asked her father.

"Never !" emphatically replied Miss Nellie.

"Had you never the slightest regard for Edward Trethyn ?"

Miss Nellie scarcely knew how to reply, the question was such a pointed one, and one so unexpected.

"Eh, Nell ? Just answer me," urged Sir Charles. "Now that the project is beyond the region of possibility, there can be no reason why you should hesitate."

"I hardly know what to say, father," answered Miss Nellie. "I—I——"

"There, that'll do," said Sir Charles hastily. "It's all a thing of the past," he said sadly, "and can never happen now. But that was our desire, Nell. I never told you of it—of course I could not tell you of it—for it was no part of our desire to influence the free choice of either of you. The thing would have had to take its own course."

"But, father——"

"Yes, yes; I know what you are going to say," interrupted Sir

Charles. "You are going to remind me of Edward's attachment to the schoolmistress, but that was only a little romance, and could never have come to anything. Edward would soon have seen things in their right light. Ah, he was a noble young fellow, Nell; there are few young gentlemen in these parts that are anything like his equal—a young fellow that any woman might have been proud to call 'husband.' . . . But why talk more? The thing is beyond possibility now, and we're only wasting words in deep regrets. Come, let us gallop."

Sir Charles at once put spurs to his horse, and away they went over the gravel road, the stones flying in all directions as they passed, and very soon they emerged from Trethyn Park. It was a great relief to Nellie when the ride was over, and when they had got safely home.

Next day Sir Charles was at Lawyer Jeffries' office a short time before the time arranged, all eager to learn the "pressingly important" news.

"Jeffries in?" he asked, impatiently, of the one clerk who sat at his desk balancing his pen on the bridge of his nose.

"Yes, Sir Charles," answered the clerk.

"Will you step inside?" said the lawyer, leading the way into his private sanctum.

"I was anxious to hear this 'pressingly important' news," said Sir Charles, taking the proffered chair; "that's what made me come so early. I've been dreadfully impatient to hear it."

"I'm expecting Carlyle here every minute—Detective Carlyle," said the lawyer. "Let me see, it wants five minutes to two now. He'll be here promptly at the time. A wonderful man that Carlyle, Sir Charles. He's as sharp as a needle and very 'cute."

"Has this new business risen through his efforts?"

"Yes, entirely. A most surprising thing, Sir Charles. I think Lady Trethyn was well advised in engaging him. That man's destined for swift promotion."

"Well, what is the discovery?"

Lawyer Jeffries drew his chair nearer to Sir Charles and dropped his voice to a whisper.

"It relates to Edward Trethyn," he said.

"So your note said," exclaimed Sir Charles impatiently.

"Mr. Carlyle has discovered," went on the lawyer slowly, "that it was not Edward Trethyn's body which was found in the Avon; in fact, Sir Charles, that Edward Trethyn is not dead."

At the words Sir Charles clutched his chair and gasped as if for breath.

"Not dead?" he queried incredulously.

"Not dead, Sir Charles, but alive."

"Alive?"

"Yes; and here in Trethyn."

At that moment Detective Carlyle was announced, and shown into the private sanctum.

"I've just been informing Sir Charles of your discovery," said the lawyer, welcoming the detective.

"And what does he think of it?"

"Think of it? He hasn't got over his astonishment yet," said the lawyer smilingly, "and therefore hasn't had time to think of it."

"Why, Detective Carlyle," exclaimed Sir Charles, "it is simply marvellous, and I find it difficult to credit my hearing. Is it possible that Edward Trethyn can be alive?"

"That is not only possible, but certain, Sir Charles," replied the detective. "I myself can sincerely assure you, for I've both seen and spoken with him."

"Poor fellow!" cried Sir Charles. "How does he look, detective?"

"Anxious."

"I can well believe it," said Sir Charles. "His troubles have been sufficient to turn any man crazy. But how did you discover him? What led to it? Jeffries says he's here in Trethyn. Is he here openly or still in hiding?"

"In hiding, of course."

"Then he's not yet confident of establishing his innocence?"

"No."

"Where is he in hiding? Who are the people that are assisting him? And is he perfectly——"

Briefly, then, the detective related to the baronet all the incidents of the discovery with which the readers of this story are already acquainted.

"Then you think Lady Trethyn is aware of her son's presence in Trethyn?" asked Sir Charles, when the detective had ended.

"I do," replied Mr. Carlyle.

"Then what do you propose?"

"First," said the detective, "to let her know that we are in possession of the secret."

"And then?"

"Well—then we'll have an interview with Edward Trethyn, and afterwards decide what course we'll pursue."

"Yes," said Sir Charles, contemplatively, "I think you're right. Your plan is a very good one. But, now, what way have you decided upon for conveying this information to Lady Trethyn?"

"Well, our thought is," said the lawyer, "to ask you to do this delicate piece of work."

"And it would never do," said Sir Charles, readily entering into the spirit of the thing, "for the detective to go."

"Exactly," said the lawyer; "that would create alarm."

"Then I'll go," said Sir Charles.

"I don't think there's any need offering you any suggestions," said the detective. "Your own judgment will show you the need for caution at every step, Sir Charles. What we must labor now for is to keep the secret in our own hands, and not allow it to go further."

"Yes, yes," replied Sir Charles. "I'll be the very soul of discretion, and not even Lady Trethyn herself shall suspect my errand until I see good opportunity to disclose it."

But in this world the best concerted schemes of men oft go astray, and so Sir Charles Montgomery found it in relation to his plans. He had thought to visit the Manor in a casual kind of way, and then to quietly prepare Lady Trethyn for the revelation he had to make to her. But when he arrived at the Manor something impelled him to walk unasked into Lady Trethyn's boudoir, and in doing so he suddenly surprised Lady Trethyn and her son!

For a moment—just one moment—Sir Charles was confused, and did not know how to act.

"My dear Lady Trethyn," he said, when he recovered himself, "excuse this seeming rudeness, but it was absolutely necessary."

In a low chair near the fire Lady Trethyn sat scared and startled-looking, and in the middle of the room, as if suddenly risen to his feet, stood Edward Trethyn, pale and trembling.

Sir Charles Montgomery quietly closed the door behind him, and put his back against it.

"My dear Lady Trethyn," he proceeded, "you can't surely be fearful of me. I'm only acting a part agreed upon this very day at Lawyer Jeffries' office."

"At Lawyer Jeffries'?" cried Lady Trethyn; "does he then know our secret?"

"Yes, but it is perfectly safe with him.

"How long as he known it?"

"Only since yesterday."

"How did he learn it?"

"Detective Carlyle discovered it," answered Sir Charles. "I believe he visited you yesterday, Edward?"

Edward could only incline his head in acquiescence.

"Dr. Shearer," went on Sir Charles, "thought he had deceived the detective and turned suspicion away. But there is no deceiving such men as Carlyle, and he knew at once that Dr. Shearer was merely trying to hide the truth."

"Oh! whatever shall we do?" cried Lady Trethyn, wringing her hands in despair.

At this outburst of grief Edward flew to his mother, flung his arms round her neck, and tried all he could to cheer her.

"Mother!" he cried, "don't give way like that. If the worst comes to the worst I trust I can meet it. And I'm not afraid, mother—I'm not afraid."

It was a most pitiful scene, and it took all the ingenuity of Sir Charles to combat it. But he did so at last, and succeeded in assuring them that their secret was in safe keeping, and that they who had discovered it were their staunch friends.

"Besides," urged Sir Charles, "Detective Carlyle is in your service, Lady Trethyn. It is for your satisfaction that he is working, and you may depend upon it he is not going to draw your pay and then turn against you. Do you see?"

"Yes," replied Lady Trethyn, smiling through her tears.

"Well, then, I'll not trouble you further now, and I can have a chat with Edward again. But you'll be prepared to receive us—Jeffries, Carlyle, and myself—to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"We will then be able to talk over our plans. Stay! it would be

perhaps safer if both of you would come over to the Bucklands. Shall I send my carriage over ?"

"No," said Lady Trethyn anxiously, "but we'll come in our own carriage. It'll look less suspicious. We'll be with you at five in the evening. Will that do ?"

"Yes, nicely. And now good day, dear Lady Trethyn. Don't give way to grief. And you, Edward, keep a brave heart, and God bless you. It'll all come right soon now. Good day."

CHAPTER XXV.

END OF THE STRIKE.

Accepting Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn's pressing invitation, Mr. Cripps, the usurer, drew up his chair near to the fire, and at once proceeded to discuss the object of his visit.

"The fact is, Mr. Trethyn," he said, "I find I must have your decision in this matter without more delay. Time means money to me, and I cannot allow this unsettled state of affairs to go on much longer. Are you, or are you not, willing to accept my offer ?"

"Twenty thousand pounds ?"

"Yes ; subject to deductions to the extent of your present indebtedness to me."

"How much have I had from you ?"

"Well, there was the £300 on July 1 ; £150 on July——"

"Dash all that !" cried the debtor impatiently. "I don't want to be bothered hearing all those items read out ; what is the total sum ?"

"Three thousand five hundred and seventy pounds," calmly replied the usurer, looking into his client's face.

"Phew !" exclaimed the debtor, "I don't owe you half that sum. You've been piling it on."

"Your debts with the interest amount exactly to the sum I've said, and you're at liberty to examine my books."

"Three-fourths of it is interest, then," replied the debtor savagely.

"Sir," exclaimed the usurer, "do you accuse me of cheating ?"

"I accuse you of charging an exorbitant interest."

"Forty per cent. exorbitant ! My gracious ! And when a man has to wait so long for the return of his money. Well, that is good."

Mr. Arthur Bourne hardly knew what to say.

"Twenty thousand pounds isn't much for Trethyn," he said presently.

"That's the highest figure I can go," said the usurer. "I can't go a fraction further. And, mark you, sir, I really am not particular whether you accept it or not, but I am particular that you should at once make up your mind. I've another client waiting for my money, and it is quite immaterial to me whether I do business with either you or him. Only, as you first applied to me I am willing to give you the first refusal. Come, what do you say ?"

"Say ! You know what I'll say. How can I do otherwise than accept your offer ?"

"Very well," said Mr. Cripps, rubbing his bald pate with his handkerchief, "Now that's something like. But let us fully understand each other. You say the Trethyn estate is not yet yours, but that it will be at the death of Lady Trethyn."

"Yes, the late squire's will will prove that statement."

"Certainly there's no question about that," said the other ; "I've seen a copy of the will for myself."

"Indeed," remarked the heir in surprise.

"Of course I have," replied the usurer. "It was only businesslike that I should. You wouldn't suspect me of entering into such great transactions as this without inquiry ? And I am satisfied that you are the rightful heir of Trethyn. Now what we are about to do is to change interests. You are in great need of money——"

"Desperately in need of it," snapped the heir.

"Very well. I've got the money, and am willing to let you have it on consideration of your signing an agreement which——"

"Will practically make you heir to the estate," said the debtor.

"Exactly ; that is, you sell to me your future interests in Trethyn for £20,000 ?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, I think we understand each other upon that point. Let us proceed. When will you be willing to enter upon this agreement ?"

"Now."

The usurer smiled complacently.

"Scarcely now," he said, "I must first get my solicitor to draw up the form of agreement."

"To-morrow then."

"Yes, to-morrow will do," mused the usurer. "Could you meet me, say at twelve o'clock, at the offices of Messrs. Sharp & Co. ?"

"Yes."

"Very well ; the agreement shall be ready by then."

What would Stephen Grainger have thought could he have known, at that moment, what was transpiring in London ?

Late that night he had arrived in Trethyn, where a most startling surprise met him. In his spacious dining-room, seated round the table, which for the occasion had been drawn into the centre of the room, sat the dreaded Black Brotherhood, wearing masks and cloaks, and liberally feasting themselves at his expense. There was no reason to inquire who had given them permission to do so, or who had invited them. It was plain that they had come unbidden, and that it was part of the tactics of the strikers to bring him to his knees. The agent's entrance was the signal for coarse mirth, and he was greeted with loud laughter.

"Welcome," cried the leader of the Brotherhood, in a voice which Stephen Grainger failed to recognize.

"Welcome ! welcome !" shouted all the cloaked men.

"We're just short of a waiter at this festive board," cried the leader.

"And here he is !" answered the Black Brotherhood in chorus.

Stephen Grainger was peremptorily ordered by the leader of the band to take his place at the head of the table to submit himself to a fire of cross-questioning.

"How long is this strike going to last ?" demanded the leader.

"Not one day longer," replied Stephen Grainger quickly. "It is to come to an end at once. I have just returned from London, and the heir has ordered me to bring it to a close."

"The heir ?"

"Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn," explained the agent.

"What has he got to do with it ?" roughly demanded the leader. "But never mind. Attend to me. On what terms are you to terminate the strike ?"

"I am to accede to all your demand."

"All our demands ? What do you mean, sir ? We're not the leaders of the strike ; you must not repeat such insinuations."

"All the men demand, then," said the agent.

"What are the men's demands ?"

Stephen Grainger looked confused.

"Have the men demanded anything, sir ?"

"Why, surely," said the agent.

"What ?"

Again Stephen Grainger looked confused.

"Your memory is a tricky one, sir," said the leader imperiously, "the men have demanded nothing. It is you that have made the demands. Am I to understand that you are empowered to withdraw your insulting notices of the reduction ?"

"Not insulting——" Stephen Grainger was beginning, when a mighty volume of sound went up from the whole Brotherhood, a deafening, angry shout, which framed itself into the one word, "Hold !"

"We can allow no explanations, sir," said the leader angrily. "You must simply answer my questions."

"But the reduction——"

"Hold !" again burst like thunder from the cloaked men.

"Now, come," almost savagely said the leader, "no more of this, sir. Attend to me. Are we to understand that you are empowered to withdraw the notices——"

"Insulting notices," chimed the Brotherhood.

"Yes, we stick to the word," said the leader. "Are you empowered to withdraw the insulting notices ?"

"Yes," feebly replied the agent, and the Brotherhood laughed in mockery.

"And the men are all to go back to work on the old terms ?"

"Yes."

"Are there to be any reprisals ?"

"No—certainly not."

"I will repeat that question," said the leader, "it is a very important one, and we want to be sure of your answer. Are any of the men to be made to suffer for anything that may have transpired during the strike ?"

"No."

"Are there no marked men ?"

"No ; solemnly, no."

"Very well ; you all hear him, my men ?"

"We do," in chorus thundered the Brotherhood.

"That will do upon that score," now said the leader; "we'll look to you for the due and faithful fulfilmet of all these promises. And," significantly added the leader, "break them at your peril."

"At his peril," echoed the Brotherhood.

"You may rely on me," pleaded the agent fervently. "I've specific instructions from the heir to do so."

"The heir," sneered the leader; "the usurper, you mean."

"He is the late Squire Trethyn's rightful heir," mildly ventured the trembling agent.

Next morning he sent for the strike leaders, and met them as if nothing had happened. Probably there were more than one amongst them who knew all the secrets of the Black Brotherhood; but as they stood before the agent that morning, apparently merely working colliers, no one would have suspected any one of them of being possessed of such dire secrets. Stephen Grainger met them with a smile.

"I have sent for you," he said, "to inform you that, as far as the heir of Trethyn Estate is concerned, this long and disastrous strike is at an end."

The leaders, those at least who knew nothing of the Black Brotherhood, heard the news with pleasurable surprise.

"I am to inform you," pursued the agent, "that you are at liberty to resume work at the old terms, and that the heir, and everyone else concerned, withdraws the notice of reduction."

The announcement was so unexpected, so complete, and so unequivocal, that for a few moments the men stood drinking in all it meant, and trying to grasp its full purport. When they once did so they took off their hats and cheered lustily.

"Victory! victory!" they cried enthusiastically, "victory all along the line!" and very soon they were hastening away to proclaim the news to their companions and to the whole town.

Had Stephen Grainger ventured into the town that morning he would have seen a sight that might well have made angels weep. Standing in little groups at the corner of every street were lean-looking, gaunt men, congratulating each other with a very fierceness of joy. Women, too, thronged the streets or met their husbands flying home with the news, and there and then flung their arms about their necks and wept—passionately wept—in deep thankfulness. When the little ones looked up and asked what it all meant, clasping them to their breasts the fond mothers cried, "It means bread, children! It means work and wages, and an end to starvation! Oh! thank God! thank God!"

"But what about the school?" asked Jehu Morris an hour later, when the men had assembled at the Blue Pig, in the Garter Clubroom.

"Why, I take it," said Stephen Harris, "that it means that it will now go on as formerly."

"That Rhoda Roberts will be restored to her position as mistress?" asked Hugh Carter.

"Yes, I take it so," replied Stephen Harris.

"So do I," said Joe Williams.

"I propose," said Rake Swinton, "that we be quite sure of it, and that a deputation at once wait upon the agent to ascertain this point.

"I second it," said George Ford, and in a few minutes three of the men were speeding away to interview the agent. In an hour's time they returned.

"Well?" cried the men of the Garter Club in chorus.

"It's all right," they said.

"Rhoda Roberts is to have her place again?"

"Yes; at first Grainger held back, but when we said no man would resume work until that point was conceded, he gave way altogether, and it's all right now."

And once more the men snatched their caps from their heads and shouted:

"Victory! Victory! Victory!"

Now let us come nearer, O Lord divine;
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.

Rear, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast,
Reign, I will worship and serve my guest;
While Thou art in me—and in Thee I abide—
No end can come to the Eastertide.

MISS WILLARD'S LAST CHARGE.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

This born leader of women, this true Deborah of our spiritual Israel, at the annual session of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was wont to deliver a comprehensive address on what she called their "Do-everything policy." This document was like the charge to his clergy of an Anglican Bishop, or the speech from the throne of a great premier. Her address before the last convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held in Buffalo last November, made a pamphlet of a hundred closely-printed pages. From this we take the following extracts, which, in their sustained and lofty eloquence and Christian ideals, come to us like a voice from the other world. In them "being dead she yet speaketh."

"Beloved comrades: The happiest place I know of is the Harvest Home of 'our Old Mother National.' Every face smiles on every other, and all voices are kind, while each one's glance is upward as if the hills of hope were lighted, fair and beautiful, on the horizon's rim. And yet we are workers in a cause considered the most hopeless of all, the cause of temperance or the moderate use of all things good and total abstinence from all things harmful, and its twin reform, the cause of personal purity. Because these two are not wrought out into success the world is bewildered in thought and besmirched with personal uncleanliness; the blows of inebriate husbands are falling on their helpless wives and children; and that holiest thing on earth, the married love of two, is murdered by the deadliest lust. How is it, then, that our white ribbon is the badge of a well-nigh unfailing cheerfulness? Let our crusade mothers answer. The keynote of their voices has always been good cheer as they have said, 'Happy are we who are co-workers with God.' In great emergencies the soul seeks its own, and its song is 'Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.' The first act of a true White-Ribboner is, by the Holy Spirit's help, to set herself free from the standards of this present time, and to fashion herself by the standard of the Higher Life. Here only are the hidings of power, hence only comes that quietness which, when He giveth it, none can make trouble. It is this peace at the centre of the whirlwind that I see mirrored in your comforting faces this day. It soothes my spirit as it has always done; it is nothing new; I have counted on it long; and here we are in our twenty-fourth home-coming to each other, and I know that Miriam's song of triumph was never more deeply cherished in your hearts than now: 'Sing to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.'

"The average White Ribbon woman finds it impossible to be indifferent to any moral issue that may be brought before her, and she can never be a 'regulationist,' because her antecedents, temperament and outlook oblige her to take sides, once and for evermore with what she believes to be the right, the only right and the right altogether. She is against the liquor traffic, and no system of high license or government control has ever found an atom of favour in her eyes. She is against the use of tobacco, and no method whereby a certain amount of nicotine might be dispensed daily, as a sort of ration, by the duly constituted authorities, would find a moment's toleration at her hands. She is against personal unchastity, and no method whereby indulgence is regulated will ever escape the anathema maranatha of her righteous indignation.

"She may not be a great force in the community where she lives, but what

little power she has is used to abolish, not to regulate, the saloon, the tobacco shop, the gambling house, the haunt of infamy. This has been the temperance woman's way of doing, from the day the first Crusader took her first step from the church altar to the saloon bar. It is her method now, and it will be her method until the fire goes out in the last distillery and brewery, in the last tobacco factory, and dust and ashes are all that remain of the gambler's habitation of cruelty and the procurer's den of vice. For this the temperance woman has the example of Him whose work it was 'to cry aloud and spare not,' whether His brethren would hear or forbear—even the Christ of God. He came to a world that was not ready for him; He put forth rules of conduct that antagonized current customs and laws, but

"He sounded forth a trumpet that shall never sound retreat;
He sifted out the hearts of men before His judgment seat."

TRIBUTES TO FRANCES E. WILLARD.

"REST COTTAGE," MISS WILLARD'S HOME.

This is the cottage at Evanston, Ill., which was presented to Miss Willard some years ago by the women of the W. C. T. U. The money for its construction was secured by popular subscription. During all her journeyings in America and Europe, "Rest Cottage" has always been in readiness for her return, and is filled with treasures and mementos of her public works. Miss Willard left it to the Woman's Temple Fund.

OUR WHITE LADYE.

ROBERT M'INTYRE, D.D.

"So pale she lies in sweet repose!
Not whitelier lie the winter snows
On this sad earth. From her cold brow
Unloose the braided myrtles now,
And bind the wreath of cypress there,
Put lilies in her hands and hair;
Come, gather round her, ye who stand
'For God, and home, and native land.'

"Doth thine anointed vision see,
Brave daughter of democracy,
How Church and State together bow
Above thy casket, weeping now?

They loved thee so, best of our best,
Thou Miriam of the mighty West,
Who dauntless led thy deathless band
'For God, and home, and native land.'

"No woman cried: 'O Lord, how long!'
But thou fared forth to right her wrong;
No man went shackled down to hell
But on his gyves thy hot tears fell.
Thou this old world in ribbons white
Didst lift, as loops of cosmic light
Upbear it in the Almighty hand—
'For God and home and native land.'

"White Ladye, though before thine eyes
The portals fair of Paradise
Unfold on thine enraptured view
The heaven that shone thy white soul through—
Though high the victor's anthem swells
Where thou dost walk the asphodels,
Still shalt thou lead us, still command
'For God and home and native land.'"

—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

No woman undowered with fortune and untitled in rank ever received so many tributes of love and honour as did Miss Frances E. Willard. We note a few incidents of her death and funeral, and glean a few of the many striking utterances called forth by her departure.

When she saw that death was near, she asked for her favourite hymn, and Miss Gordon sang, "Gently, Lord, Oh Gently Lead Us"; when she came to the pronoun "I" Miss Willard interrupted her. "No, Annie, dear, not 'I,' say 'we.' Christianity is not 'I,' it is 'we,' and it is 'our Father.'" When Mrs. Hoffman came in she said, "Clara, dear, I have crept in with mother." Then she smiled and seemed supremely happy. Later, she waved her hand and said, "How beautiful to be with God," and afterward slept away into the land of light.

From Lady Henry Somerset came, as regularly as the sunrise, the daily word meant only for the ears of the dying and those nearest of soul-kin to her. The keynote from England and Canada and from nearly all the States is the same. A great leader has fallen, but the battle is now on. They must gird on their armour, and without waiting too long, even for the grief and tears, press forward to the victory she sought.

We looked down upon a white face through which, even in sleep, a regnant spirit shone. Half hidden under the flowers rested a still, white hand. How like a conqueror she looked, sceptred and robed and crowned, and resting after the strife under the shadow of palms.

Evangeline Booth, of the Canadian Salvation Army, wrote: "I have just heard of the crowning of the warrior soul of the world's friend. Her gain will be the loss of millions. We shall cease to grieve when we read the meaning of life's mysteries, as we greet her in the eternal city."

"The world could lose no better friend," says Senator Blair. And Colonel Brown writes: "The land she loved is purer that she lived."

"A great light in the spiritual sky has vanished. The world seems lonely and dark."—*Joseph Cook.*

"Like a pillar of fire her spirit still will lead."

AT HER FUNERAL.

Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman said: "We come not here to weep and lament. Love rejoices even in the happiness of the beloved. Aye, and we will rejoice through falling tears and with breaking hearts. Frances Willard was a great leader because within her little hand she held the hearts of all who followed, and drew with irresistible charm those who had not the courage to follow. All loved her because she loved all. All trusted her because she trusted all. She was gentlest to those who most opposed her; even those who could not agree with her sustained her because of the love she inspired. When the temperance reform emerges from the shadowland of unpopularity and asserts its practicability upon the sunlit hilltops of triumphant victory, and its hour draweth near—then, bright and glorious among all who have dared and achieved, will stand in golden letters of light the name of our Frances Willard."

Miss Alafa Johannesdottir, of Iceland, said: "The work of her life had been to unite all races and nations and countries, and now over her grave would we stretch out our hands and unite never to part again. She gave her life for us, and we would give our lives to realize her ideals."

Rev. Dr. Milton S. Terry, of Garrett Biblical Institute, read a poem, from which we quote:

"To her God's love assigned
Amid the rush of human cares and fears
Nigh threescore beautiful and hallowed years
To honour womankind.

"Say not: 'She is not here.'
For yet she speaketh from the coffined clay
And never mightier, sweeter than to-day
Was her voice far or near.

"And woman's rights and wrongs,
And mortal sorrows and drunkards' woes
And Virtue's claims, by her life's sudden close
Have found ten thousand tongues.

"O pure white life divine,
Translated into everlasting day,
Thou shalt pass never from our hearts away;
For Christ's own loves were thine."

Rev. Dr. Charles J. Little said: "Frances Willard reminded me, whenever I listened to her, of Matthew Arnold's definition of religion—morality touched by emotion. She was a conscience aglow with divine light. The religious fervour, the ethical purpose, the moral martyrdom and the feminine character of the temperance crusade appealed to her faith, her conscience, her courage, and her conception of woman's latent power, and so she entered it 'with a heart for any fate.'

"She did not always have enough to eat; often, when weary with working and walking, she lacked the nickel for her car-fare. Then she consented to accept a salary from the women of the Christian Temperance Union of Chicago, and thus the slender Wisconsin school-mistress started out to be a teacher of the world.

"Did she die too early? God must answer that—not we. She is no longer a voice and a corporeal enchantment weaving about us the spells of a luminous conscience and a pure heart. She has taken her place in the choir invisible, the choir audible forever to God and humanity."

Prof. Charles F. Bradley spoke in part as follows: "A certain Roman Catholic sisterhood bears the affecting title of 'Little Sisters of the Poor.' Of Miss Willard it may be truly said that she was the sister of everyone, rich or poor. She believed profoundly that God is our Father and that we are all brothers and sisters. Beyond any woman of her age, and, so far as I know, of any age, she had a right to the title of the sister of man."

"Fairer her crown than queenliest brow adorns!
Against the wrong she strove, and for the good,
In His dear name who wore the plaited thorns—
The royal queen of Christian womanhood!
What rest was hers with night's thick curtain drawn,
To sleep so sweet and wake in cloudless dawn!"

—*Prof. Benj. F. Leggett.*

PRESS TRIBUTES.

"In mental, moral, ethical and social influence, we doubt whether this century has produced a greater woman."—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

"To the very last this peerless woman lived not for herself, but gave all her rich and beautiful life to the service of Christ for the welfare of mankind."—*The Evangelical.*

"The work will go on, and yet leave room for Frances Willard, as among the most noble among modern women, and as a leader whose voice is immortal."—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

"An atmosphere of self-evidencing goodness environed her; she radiated the spirit of purity, and her God-inspired activities were an inevitable, irresistible appeal to the best qualities of the soul.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

"She was a Methodist, with a beautiful and sweet religious experience, and a woman of such womanly qualities as to be an ornament and blessing forever to her sex."—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

"The saint of mediæval Christianity retired from the world to keep herself pure; Miss Willard went out from coveted retirement to purify the world. She has shown that the grace of womanhood need not be sacrificed in order to accomplish beneficent results in world activities.—*The Outlook.*

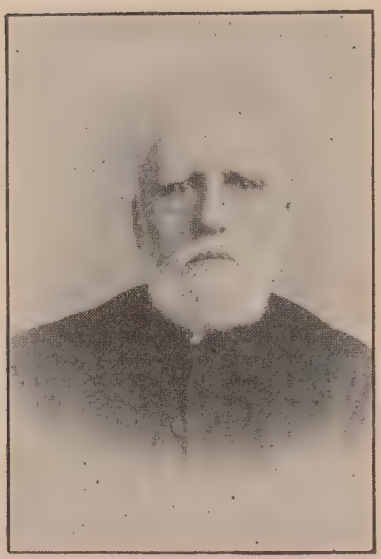
"I know of no woman who had so much of genius, of literary skill, of eloquence, and that indescribable something we call personal magnetism. The light of such a character as hers was more than anything she ever said. She had the power of a Christlike personality.—*Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.*

"Surveying the beauty of her life, its plenitude of noble achievements and its bountiful sacrifice, her keenest critics, who sometimes ruthlessly assailed the methods of the organization which she founded, must join in the acknowledgment that she was a great moral force and that her services to mankind were inestimable."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"Miss Willard was a Christian idealist. She was a woman of ideas, she loved what scholars and thinkers delight in; but most of all she was possessed and swayed, sustained and borne on by force of the loftiest ideals."—*The Interior.*

"We know no other woman but Frances E. Willard whose home-going would have left so many other women feeling as if the sun had gone."—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

THE REV. DR. BARRASS.



REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Every one of the three hundred issues of this magazine during the last four-and-twenty years has been enriched by the careful survey of the progress of Church and mission work throughout the world by the late Rev. Dr. Barrass. It is fitting, therefore, that we should pay our tribute to his memory who has so often commemorated in these pages those who have gone before.

At our Conference gatherings, conventions, and public assemblies the good gray head that all men knew, the resonant voice, and the cheery greeting of our departed brother will be sorely missed. He was up to the last a man of remarkable physical and mental energy, alive to his very finger-tips, a man of buoyant and almost boyish life in his 77th year, as Dr. Parker said at his funeral. Long after his superannuation he went through an amount of work that few men in the active work surpassed. He preached almost every Sunday, often three times, he read more books, magazines and reviews than most men. He was a correspondent of half a dozen or more periodicals, keeping the events of Canadian Methodism prominently reported in leading Methodist journals of this continent. Where many men of his age gave only a passive support, he took an active interest in every Christian and philanthropic movement.

Dr. Barrass was born in Durham, England, in 1821. In his twentieth year he entered the ministry of the English Primitive Methodist Conference, labouring with ardour and success in both town and country circuits. In 1853 he came to Canada, and for forty-five years continued to labour with consecrated zeal in many parts of the Canadian field. He was superannuated in 1891, but with scarce an intermission of labour, and at times resuming active work. He was a soul-saving preacher, and his ministry was accompanied by the demonstration of the Spirit and with power for the revival and the upbuilding of the Church of God.

Dr. Barrass held a facile pen, and was extremely fond, even in his busiest circuits, of literary work. In 1852 he published his first volume, enlarged and reissued in 1868 under the title of "Gallery of Distinguished Men." He issued in 1878 another little book of sketches from life, entitled "Smiles and Tears," a title which well characterized its themes and their treatment. His familiar acquaintance with the personnel of Canadian Methodism made his work on the *Christian Guardian* and his correspondence in the American religious press of special value.

His friends observed that Dr. Barrass seemed for some time in failing health, but up to within three weeks of his death he was found daily at his work in the *Guardian* office. On the evening of Sunday, February 13th, after preaching in Simpson Avenue Church, and riding home through the cold weather, he experienced a slight stroke of paralysis. But he was cheery and buoyant in spirit and conversed freely with his ministerial friends, who showed the closeness of the Methodist brotherhood by their kind visits and sympathy. He enjoyed in his soul the comforts and consolations of that Gospel which he had so long preached to others. He especially enjoyed the old Methodist hymns in which his voice had so triumphantly rung in many a revival campaign. "No hymns like these," he said, "are so full of experimental religion." "His hope was full. O glorious hope of immortality." He especially enjoyed before his illness the revival services, conducted in Queen Street Methodist Church, by Messrs. Crossley and Hunter. He said that it seemed a preparation for his de-

parture from the service of the Church on earth to the joys of the Church on high. He walked in the land Beulah, quite on the verge of heaven.

A few days before his death, when scarce able to speak, his face lit up with a heavenly smile as he answered to his old comrade, the Rev. Charles Fish. He declared the preciousness of that name which is above every name, and his unfaltering trust in the Lord whom he had so long loved and served. But his long life of arduous and successful toil for the Church of his choice—this is his best testimony, this is his truest monument. All over this land are many who rise up and call him blessed, because through his ministrations and godly counsel they have been brought into the kingdom of God and built up into their most holy faith.

Devout men bore him to his burial, and scores of his comrades in the ministry, many from distant parts of the province, assembled to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the memory of one of the best beloved ministers of our Church.

LAY PREACHING.

Mr. Moody made a recent appeal to laymen to go preaching, and said there were many laymen in the country who could preach better than he.

"Certainly," says the *Independent*, "many there are who can preach better than he did when he began; and many who could preach as well as he now does if they had not hidden their light under a bushel. The Churches abound with them; men who can talk in courts, stores, parlours, college class-rooms, bank directors' offices, political primaries, schoolrooms, everywhere and on all kinds of subjects; but on the subject of religion they are mute. There have been many laymen who have preached for the love of saving men and the delight of witnessing for Christ. Among them was Judge McLean, of the United States Supreme Court, who was ready at all times to give a reason for the hope that was within him. Faraday, the 'father of modern experimental chemistry,' preached every Sunday afternoon the doctrines of the strictest Presbyterianism, Sir William MacArthur, ex-Lord Mayor of London, belongs in the same class."

The Methodist Church owes its very origin in America to the preaching of a layman, Philip Embury; and Methodism in Canada owes its origin to the preaching of Commissary Tuffey in Quebec, and Major Neal on the Niagara frontier. Many of its most earnest Christian workers in this country have been men like the late Senator Macdonald and the late William Gooderham, to mention only the departed, who could preach earnestly from its pulpits as well as give liberally from the pew.

We doubt, however, if as much is made of lay preaching as there used to be. For many years fully half of its Sunday services were maintained by lay preachers, and some of its most successful soul-savers were consecrated laymen. Even yet a very large number of its pulpits would be silent on Sunday unless occupied by these local preachers. And these among the most arduous appointments where bad roads and bad weather make it very difficult to maintain the Sunday service.

The debt of Methodism to its godly laymen never can be told. Every Sunday, year after year, a great army of over thirty thousand devoted superintendents and teachers, many of them engrossed in business or domestic duty, give much time and thought and care to loving training of the boys and girls in our schools, and many of them give large sums for the maintenance of those schools.

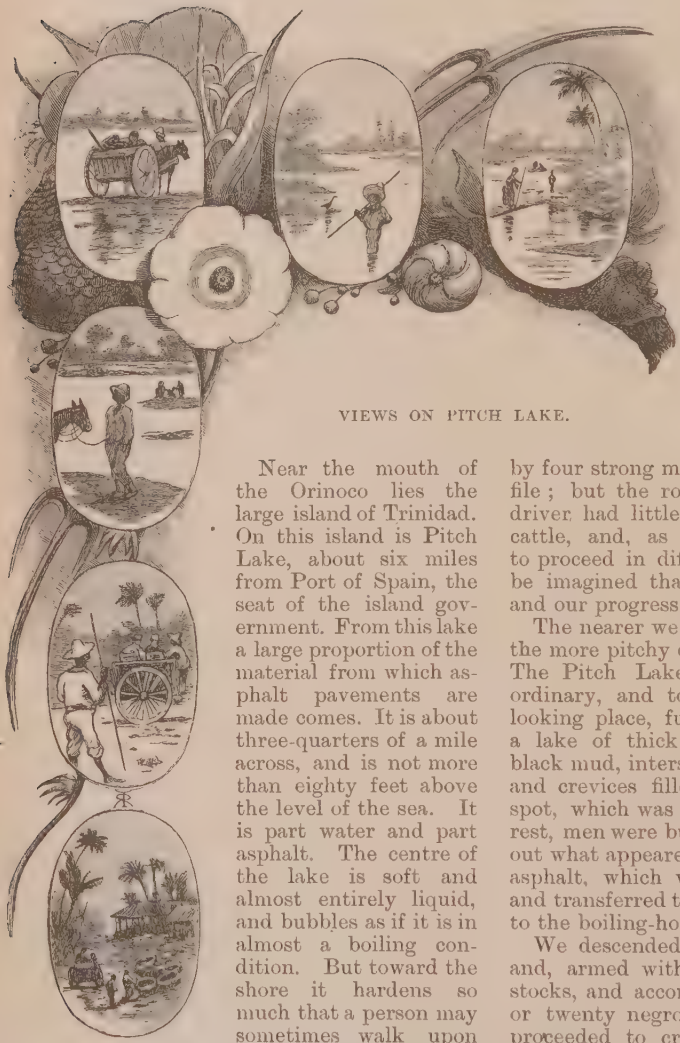
Many thousands of men and women give much of their best thought and effort as members of our official and trustee boards, often assuming great financial burdens and contributing largely of their means for its support. And no church in Christendom has more fully called its lay membership to its ruling councils, and none more largely, than the Methodist Church of Canada, in whose Annual and General Conferences they stand side by side equal in numbers, in privilege, and in power with their ministerial brethren.

HOPE.

'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heavest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

Science Notes.

PITCH LAKE, TRINIDAD.



VIEWS ON PITCH LAKE.

Near the mouth of the Orinoco lies the large island of Trinidad. On this island is Pitch Lake, about six miles from Port of Spain, the seat of the island government. From this lake a large proportion of the material from which asphalt pavements are made comes. It is about three-quarters of a mile across, and is not more than eighty feet above the level of the sea. It is part water and part asphalt. The centre of the lake is soft and almost entirely liquid, and bubbles as if it is in almost a boiling condition. But toward the shore it hardens so much that a person may sometimes walk upon the surface a considerable distance from the edge in safety. The fumes from the heated asphalt smell strongly of bitumen and sulphur, and are very oppressive. The inhabitants of Trinidad use this mineral pitch more for roofing than for paving. In the rainy or cool season travellers may walk over nearly the entire surface of the lake, but in the hot weather this cannot be done.

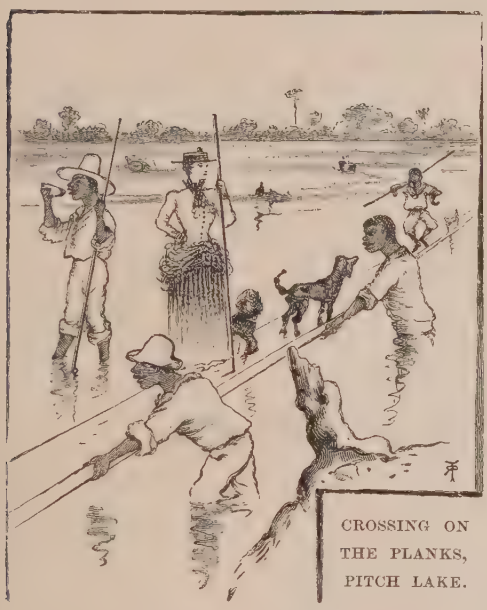
Lady Brassey thus describes her visit to this remarkable lake: "We got under way at daybreak to visit the far-famed Pitch Lake of Trinidad. It was a somewhat difficult task to land, for the shore looked like a "Slough of Despond," being composed entirely of pitch. At last, however, with the aid of Mr. McCarthy, the manager of the pitch-works, we succeeded in effecting a landing in a very sticky place, where we climbed into some of the roughest of mule-carts, that had been provided for our transport, and in which chairs had been temporarily placed. Each cart was drawn by four strong mules harnessed in Indian file; but the road was rough, and the driver had little or no control over his cattle, and, as they showed a desire to proceed in different directions, it may be imagined that the jolting was great and our progress slow.

The nearer we approached to the lake the more pitchy did the ground become. The Pitch Lake itself was an extraordinary, and to my mind, a hideous-looking place, fully justifying its title—a lake of thick pitch, very like solid black mud, intersected by channels, holes and crevices filled with water. In one spot, which was a little harder than the rest, men were busily employed in digging out what appeared to be huge blocks of asphalt, which were placed on barrows and transferred to carts for transportation to the boiling-house.

We descended from our conveyances; and, armed with long sticks like alpenstocks, and accompanied by some dozen or twenty negroes carrying planks, we proceeded to cross the lake; an expedition not unattended with difficulty, the width of the crevices being sometimes considerably greater than the length of the planks on which we were to perform the somewhat perilous passage, and the negroes having to stand up to their waists or necks in the water in order to support them as best they could while we stepped across. We were fortunate in the fact that the sky was somewhat overcast, and that there was no sun visible; otherwise the glow from this black, Stygian area would have been the reverse of agreeable.

Even as it was, the fumes of the

sulphuretted hydrogen were almost overpowering, where the pitch or petroleum came bubbling up from somewhere in the nether world, bringing with it the most volcanic smells as a kind of token of what was going on down below. So mixed was the pitch with oil and water, that it was easy to pick it up in one's hand and knead it into a ball like bread; and, what was still more curious, one could defy the truth of the old adage and touch pitch without being defiled. The children and I amused ourselves by making several balls of pitch; and yet our fingers remained as clean as possible. In some places the condition of the black mass over which we were passing was almost alarming; for if we stood still for a moment we began to sink deeply into the mud, and to feel hotter and hotter, till it seemed as if we might all be gradually sucked into one of these little tar-fountains, and remain there for the rest of our natural lives.



CROSSING ON THE PLANKS, PITCH LAKE.

It took us about two hours to cross the lake, stopping at various islands on the way, and collecting many curious plants. On both shores of the lake women were washing clothes and men were digging out pitch close to the borders, where it had become sufficiently hard. It was evident that a small colony of people derived their living from the lake and its surroundings—and a very good living, too, according to the statement of Mr. McCarthy's agent; the work being not nearly so unpleasant as the descriptions which I had previously read had led me to believe. The raw pitch is transformed into asphalt suitable for road-paving and other purposes, and the most beautiful snowy-white candles imaginable are also produced from the very black and uninviting-looking compound of which the lake is composed.

Milk Bricks May Come.

The frozen milk bricks used in European countries have been largely commented upon, and it has been hinted that they will eventually reach this country, as a Copenhagen Company is making arrangements to export 110,000 pounds per week. Consumers of milk here are well aware that the milk they buy is poor enough without its having been previously frozen, which makes it thin and watery when melted, and it never regains its former quality, which is often poor at best. This every housewife knows who has paid any attention to the matter. But it is presumed that if Americans are given the choice between frozen milk or sour milk, they will take the former with alacrity.

A Balloon Railroad.—During the coming summer a new kind of mountain railway is to be tried in Germany. The motive power is to be furnished by a balloon attached by cable to a rail running up the face of the Hohenstaufen Mountain, near Reichenhall, which attains a height of about 6,000 feet. The excursionists will ride in a small car running on rails, and drawn by the upward pull of the balloon. It is proposed to construct a similar road at the Klondike.

A pneumatic tube connects Paris with Berlin. It is used for postal purposes, and makes it possible for a letter posted in Paris to be delivered in Berlin in thirty-five minutes.

One inch of rain falling upon one square mile is equivalent to about 17,500,000 gallons of water.

At the bottom of the deep sea the water is only a few degrees above the freezing-point.

MORE CANADIAN VERSE.*

MRS. ISABELLA WHITEFORD ROGERSON.

This dainty volume contains many gems of pure poetic lustre. The marked characteristics of Mrs. Rogerson's poems are deep religious feeling, patriotic sentiment, and musical expression. Mrs. Rogerson is in keenest sympathy with every good and noble cause. Home and foreign missions, especially missions to the deep sea fishermen, the work of the W. C. T. U. and other temperance agencies, the Armenian persecutions, the Queen's Jubilee, the Cabot Celebration, the Barbara Heck Memorial, and similar topics form the theme of stirring verse. Many of the readers of this magazine will be familiar with the high quality of Mrs. Rogerson's verse. In her island home the author is, with her noble-minded husband, the Hon. J. J. Rogerson, a centre of inspiration in church work, temperance effort, and Christian philanthropy. She generously dedicates the profits of this volume to the St. John's (Newfoundland) Methodist College. The book is introduced by Judge Prowse, the historian of Britain's Oldest Colony. From an Eastertide greeting to the Woman's Missionary Society of St. John's we quote the following :

O Saviour, gracious Saviour,
Our risen Lord and King,
On this bright Easter morning
What off'ring can we bring?
The women, loved and loving,
Embalming spices brought;
May we, with like devotion,
Give Thee our hearts love-fraught!

Another missionary poem closes thus :

World, call not weak or worthless what our women's work may bring,
If but one ransomed soul thus prized is rescued for our King!
Lord, give us faith, and give us love, and give our work success;
Not ours, not ours the praise, O Lord, Thy name we humbly bless.

A number of biblical poems will have special interest as illustrating the Sunday-school lessons for the current year. A fine elegy on the late Dr. Douglas has the following lines :

And Canada may mourn
A loyal heart grown still,
A sentinel who never slept
Where wrong essayed her ill.
For social purity,
For truth in church and state,
His trumpet voice rang out alarm
In words sublimely great.

Though long a resident in Newfoundland, and closely identified with its many interests, Mrs. Rogerson was born in the Green Isle, the home of song and poetry beyond the sea. Our Book-Room has surpassed itself in the elegance with which it has brought out this volume.

* "The Victorian Triumph and Other Poems." By Isabella Whiteford Rogerson. Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, cloth, $1.00; half leather, gilt edges, $1.25.

A NEW CANADIAN POET.*

JEAN BLEWETT.

We do not think it desirable to over-praise our Canadian singers simply because they are Canadian. We do not claim for Mrs. Blewett a foremost place among the singers of Parnassus. Yet the minor singers have their mission. This idea is well expressed in Longfellow's poem :

" Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time,
But from some simpler poet,
Whose songs gush from his heart,
As rain from the clouds of summer,
Or as tears to the eyelids start."

All true poetry must be essentially religious. No poetry can reach the highest range which omits the most vital and important of relationships—those to the unseen and eternal. One thing we especially admire in many of Mrs. Blewett's poems is their religious character. This is finely exemplified in the little poem on " St. Peter at Joppa," from which we quote a few lines :

" Perchance the day was fair as this—
The eastern world is full of glow,
With warmer sun, and bluer sky,
And richer bloom than we can show—
At Joppa quaint, beside the sea,
When Simon Peter went to pray.

" Sleeping, the voice fell on his ears,
I hear bold Peter say, Divine,
'Twill live and sound for evermore
In this poor wayward heart of mine—
" What God has cleansed," so broad, so free,
My narrow creed flees shamed away.'

" We fain would on the housetop be,
We fain would hold communion sweet,
But looking up, we never heed
The work unfinished at our feet,
God, give to us, we humbly ask,
Strength for the vision and the task."

Mrs. Blewett has a keen sympathy with nature, and describes and interprets with true poetic insight its various moods. She clearly and strongly voices, too, what we may call the New Patriotism, which is throbbing in the veins of our Canadian people.

One of the marked characteristics of this volume is its humour. This, with its dialect expression, as in " The Day Neil Rode to the Mill," lends a note of special interest to these poems.

Mrs. Blewett contributes the following beautiful verses to the memory of Miss Willard :

" Her eyes are the windows of a soul,
Where only the white thoughts spring,
And they look as the eyes of the angels look,
For the good in everything.

" Her lips can whisper the tenderest words
That a weary one can hear,
Can tell of a dawn of a better morn,
Till only the cowards fear.

" Her hand can lift up the fallen one
From an overthrow complete ;
Can take a soul from the mire of sin
And lay it at Christ's dear feet.

" And she can walk wherever she will,
For she walketh not alone ;
The work she does is the Master's work,
And God takes care of His own."

* Heart Songs." By Jean Blewett. Toronto : George N. Morang ; William Briggs.

The World's Progress.

Triumphs of Diplomacy.

Lord Salisbury's skilful diplomacy in the Chinese Question is not so theatrical as the Emperor William's threat of the "mailed fist," but is more successful. The freedom of Chinese trade is maintained with British control of the Maritime Customs so long as British trade with China exceeds that of any other power. As it is at present ten times as great as that of any other nation this seems a pretty permanent provision.

The firmness of Great Britain in maintaining its rights in the West African Hinterland against French invasion has obtained from the French the avowal that such trespasses are undesigned and unwarranted—another triumph of the pen of diplomacy over the sword.

The treaty with the Negus Menelek of Abyssinia secures for Britain a free hand on the Upper Nile. Within a year we may expect to see an open way from Cairo to Uganda, with a speedy extension of the railway from Alexandria to Cape Town—a road nearly approaching in length the trans-Siberian railway, and traversing a vastly more fertile, populous, and important region.

Is it War?

The Great Powers seem running a frantic race in spending money in preparations for war. Within a week the United States votes $50,000,000 for national defence, a Russian ukase grants $70,000,000 for a new navy, and Great Britain votes twice as much for increasing her already enormous navy of 450 vessels, with ninety more under construction. During the past year Britain has completed forty-five new warships at a value of over $33,000,000. These expenditures, we suppose, are not so much war measures as insurance against war. But it is a tremendous premium to pay. The union of Great Britain and her colonies and the United States in a great Anglo-Saxon alliance to police the world would be the greatest peace measure ever seen, would almost make war impossible, and would in time bring about a general disarmament and hasten the dawn of the millennium.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the mischievous "Yellow-kid journalism," which seeks to stampede the country into war with Spain, the Government of the United States has exhibited a dignified restraint that has added enormously to her strength if war unhappily should come.

British Peace.

"They make a desolation and call it peace," so writes a Roman historian of the Roman legions. Not so with the Power of Britain. Law and order and liberty and prosperity follow in its train. Dr. Livingstone explored Africa for years without firing a hostile shot. Our Canadian explorer, Rev. Dr. Johnston, traversed the Dark Continent from sea to sea with no hostile encounter. The great charge against Stanley is his reckless use of elephant guns against the natives. The German leader, Dr. Peters, has received severe punishment for his atrocities towards the natives. The Belgian agent is accused of fiendish inhumanity. British justice and fair-play, while punishing blood-thirsty savages and slave-traders like King Prembo, commands the respect of the natives of every land over which the Union Jack floats. If any officer, like Governor Ayre, in Jamaica, no matter whatever his rank, departs from this principle, he is soon brought to book and severely punished.

Race Hatred.

The better-class journals of the United States, even of the South, denounce vigorously the cruel lynching of a negro postmaster at Lake City, S.C. A mob of three hundred men attacked and burned his house, shot the negro dead, and pierced with bullets his wife and four children, one of them an infant. Two of these have since died. The father and babe were consumed in the burning house, and the mother was only rescued by some brave negro neighbours. The most ominous feature is the excuses for this crime put forward by some Southern papers. The Charleston *Post* says: "The placing of a negro in official position over the white men of the South is a criminal outrage of the most flagrant type." The Columbia, S.C., *Register* says, "The lynchers killed the wrong man. If they could have laid hands on those who are responsible for the attempt to elevate a negro above a race that the

Almighty made superior, there might have been some justification for killing."

If this means anything it means that they would be justified in killing the President. Indeed, the Columbia *State* declares that "the President who made the appointment is responsible for the crime."

These are strange sentiments from one of the original thirteen colonies which revolted from Great Britain with the declaration that "all men are born free and equal." Yet the negroes far outnumber the whites in many Southern towns. Dozens of these towns have negro postmasters, and Charleston has had one for eight years.

The Pax Hibernica.

One of the surprises of the current session of the English House of Commons is that the Government Bill, giving Ireland the same kind of local self-government which England and Scotland enjoy, seems to have been received with universal favour. Mr. Balfour, the author of the Bill, wisely took the leaders of the Irish party, Protestant and Catholic, into his counsel in its preparation. The passage of this Bill would prove that Mr. Gladstone's appeal for justice to Ireland has not been in vain. It is fitting that the centenary of the Irish rebellion of 1798 should witness the extinction of the last brands of disaffection and of smouldering hate.

The State Before the Party.

The petty and personal recriminations of the field of politics in Canada reflect no lustre on our country. It is strange that legislators who act like gentlemen in private life should forget the *noblesse oblige* in public discussion. Any government may accept, and be thankful for, intelligent criticism, but the partisanship to which the parliamentary history of Canada has been no stranger, makes a patriotic Canadian—not despair of his country—but question the success of some of its institutions. Mr. Lecky has shown us the slow evolution by which the British House of Commons, the foremost assembly in the world, has reached its high development, from which, unfortunately, it sometimes lapses. We may look in time for similar development here, "when none are for a party, but all are for the State."

Greater New York.

This gigantic municipality has entered upon its existence under very sinister auspices.

Harper's Weekly says: "The Government is to be Tammany through and through. Tammany governed absolutely by an emanation of the slums, born and bred among the criminal classes. The consolation is that the worse it is the sooner will its cure come; for Croker will learn some day that while men who ought to be in jail may govern democracies for a time, by reason of the indifference of the people, in the end American civilization is not to be dominated by criminals and the ignorant."

Cain-Judas Journalism.

The cowardly attempt to assassinate the King of Greece is another illustration of the evils of unbridled newspaper abuse. The king was so lampooned by the native press that the assassin evidently thought that the country would be served by him being taken off. In the same way the half-crazed Guiteau was egged on to the assassination of President Garfield. The most delirious press of Paris has been out-rivaled by the yellow journalism of New York and Chicago. One of the agents of this venal press is reported to have declared that he would bring about war between the United States and Spain. and backed up the prophecy with a bet of $50,000. Nothing can be conceived more abominable than such a combination of Cain and Judas—of murder and treachery. But this is no new thing. As long ago as 1812, President Jefferson found it necessary to endeavour "to eradicate the war feeling which the newspapers had nourished."

He that Withholdeth the Corn, the People Shall Curse Him.

This has in every age been the doom of those who seek to control, for selfish gains, the supply of food. The corner in wheat created in Chicago by a western speculator has already raised the price of bread to the poor, and compelled the use of coarse grain, dark flour, and less nutritious food. This is worse than gambling, because the consumer has no chance. It is as wicked as the pillage of the robber barons of the middle ages, or the present Bedouins of the East in plundering the grain of the hapless peasants.

BISHOP FOSTER'S "NATURE AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD."*

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.

Chancellor of Victoria University.

This is the fifth volume of Bishop Foster's Studies in Theology, the preceding volumes covering Prolegomena, Theism, The Supernatural Book, and Creation. The great doctrine of the Trinity is still to follow. These volumes remind us of the best works of the Puritan age, and the present one especially of Charnock on the Attributes. After giving us in a preface a synopsis of a former volume on Cosmic Theism, the author proceeds in the present volume to discuss the following topics: God is a Spirit, The Unity of God, The Eternity of God, God is Absolute, Unconditional Being; God is a Person, Freedom of God, Moral Nature of God, Divine Attributes, Omnipresence of God, Omnipotence of God, Omniscience of God, Goodness of God, Justice of God, Truth as a Divine Attribute.

It will be seen that the distinction here drawn between the nature of God and His attributes involves several peculiarities in the method of treatment. To the term Nature as applied to God Dr. Pope has made serious objection; but waiving this we may admit the use of the term to denote character and mode of being without making reference to origin of being. Such character and mode of being in the One who is alone from everlasting to everlasting must be peculiar to Himself. We therefore prefer the method which first considers the perfections of the Divine Being, His absolute and unconditional Being, His Infinity, Eternity, and Immutability, and then proceeds to describe the attributes which present Him to us as a Spirit in whose image we are created as finite spirits; as omnipresence, omniscience, omnipotence, freedom, wisdom, goodness, truth, holiness, and love. The personality of God is essentially rooted in these, and leads to the doctrine of the Trinity as well as to the works of Creation and Providence.

Turning to the more particular treatment of special topics: The Divine personality is a subject of primary importance and of no little difficulty, and the treatment is we think excellent. "Personality involves four things: (*a*) A being whose substance is spirit; (*b*) a being endowed with rational powers; (*c*) a being who is self-knowing or self-conscious; (*d*) a being who has power of self-determination or who is endowed with freedom of choice." The clearly positive character of this definition lays the foundation for answer to the popular pantheistic philosophy. These elements, which have but a limited application to us, appear in their fulness in God. This the author develops at large under the head of The Freedom of God.

The application of omniscience to contingent future events, especially to the actions of free beings, is another crucial topic. The solution given is that of the great Arminian theologians from Goodwin down. The ground of God's knowledge of these things is not His purpose that they shall be, but their actual existence. This implies His actual presence with them as they exist, and so His eternity explains His prescience.

* "God. Nature and Attributes." By Randolph S. Foster, D.D., LL.D., a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. 1897. Price, $3.00.

PALM SUNDAY.*

Do you miss, dearest, when Palm Sunday comes
The sweet narcissus, and the violets,
That every year I placed upon your grave,
Thinking, "She loved them so," one ne'er forgets

The likes of the dear dead,—and did you know?
And do you miss them now, I'm far away?
It makes my heart ache, dear, to think of you;
Flowerless, amid the flower-decked graves to-day.

Perhaps the primrose roots are living yet
I planted there so many years ago;
They may be blooming now, or daisies white,
Nature's free gift among the grass may grow.

O fond and foolish heart! thy loved one dwells,
Beyond all earthly need, 'mid heaven's bowers,
In heavenly fields she plucks celestial blooms,
What need has she of fading earthly flowers?

And this I know; yet were I comforted
If I could strew some sweet spring flowers to-day
(Now 'tis Palm Sunday) on a little grave
In a Welsh churchyard, O so far away.

—*Junia.*

* In some parts of Wales it is the custom on Palm Sunday (the Sunday before Easter) to strew the graves of friends with spring flowers.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

That Million Dollars.

The Rev. Dr. Potts' magnificent suggestion for a million dollars as a thank-offering for the mercies of the past, and as a fund for aggressive work in the twentieth century, is announced at the psychological moment. It meets with very wide and very cordial approval. The hearty endorsation of such men as Dr. Carman, Senators Cox and Sanford, Judge Dean, ex-Mayor Kennedy, Samuel Finlay, Drs. Allison and Inch, S. F. Huestis, and many others, indicates that the hour has come for such a forward movement.

The fact that the suggestion of Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., for raising of a million pounds by British Wesleyan Methodism called forth the almost simultaneous suggestion of a similar fund in the *Guardian*, the *Wesleyan*, the Methodist Magazine, and by Dr. Potts, showed that the time was ripe for such a movement. The golden doors of the twentieth century open wide on such fields of opportunity as the world has never known before. It is the solemn duty of the Church to enter this open door to exploit this heroic work, to go up and possess the promised land of that new century—"for we are well able."

Under the inspiration of such a motive, and with the era of such prosperity on which we have entered, it will be easier to raise a million dollars than under ordinary circumstances to raise one-fourth of the amount. The gold of the Klondike is already stimulating every industry and enterprise of our country. The new railway era on which we are entering will employ many thousands of men and cause the expenditure of many millions of money. Canada has launched on the flood-tide of prosperity. It is attracting emigration as never before. The resources of field and forest and mine and fisheries will be developed beyond all precedent. To meet these changed conditions the Church must be up and doing. A summons comes to us from the great Head of the Church, saying, "Speak to the people that they go forward." We doubt not that the district meetings and the Annual Conferences and the highest court of the Church will devise liberal things and give wise counsels and set before the people the urgent need of a great forward movement for home and foreign missions, for higher education and for other connexional funds.

A Methodist Milestone.

Our new Catechism has been the result of the labours of a large and representative committee, carried on for nearly four years. They spent many sessions in counsel together and much time in personal work. It was felt to be a means of grace, a season of very blessed and hallowed employment. The Shorter Catechism of the Presbyterian Church was the result of years of study by a hundred of the ablest divines of the age. It has done more than anything else to put iron in the blood and high thought in the brain of the Scottish race—to give them that strong character which has sent them to the front in every land beneath the sun; which gains such a preponderance of Macs in every Legislature and Board of Trade and in the business firms of every great commercial city, from Montreal to Melbourne, and from Toronto to Ta-lien-wan.

We trust that our schools and Leagues and our church Bible-classes will take up the study of this manual of Methodist doctrine, that these great truths shall be enfibred in the souls of our people, not merely as a form of sound and words, but as an energizing force in their lives.

The Rev. Coverdale Watson.

Not alone is the ripe sheaf garnered home, like the venerable Dr. Barrass, but the strong and stalwart man in his prime, is summoned to cease from his labour. With a sense of personal loss comes to thousands in this Dominion who knew and loved him the sad tidings of the death of the Rev. Coverdale Watson. He was a man of more than usual strength of character and vigour of mind, an able minister of the New Testament, a man of saintly soul, of wise judgment and of tender and sympathetic nature. It seems impossible that he could have been nearly thirty years in the work, yet so it was. Entering the ministry in 1869, he spent a year at Victoria College, and laboured with much success in Hamilton, Yorkville, Peterboro', Toronto (Spadina Avenue), and for a second time at Toronto (Central). He spent three years in Victoria, three in New Westminster, B.C., before his second term in Toronto, and then returned to Victoria, Vancouver

and New Westminster. He was a tower of strength to the British Columbia Conference, and will be greatly missed at the present juncture of affairs in that Province. But, though cut down while his sun seemed at high noon, he has done a noble work for God and for Methodism in the different fields where he laboured.

The Rev. John Shuttleworth.

As these pages are passing through the press the Rev. John Shuttleworth passed away. He was one of the oldest and most highly-esteemed members of the former New Connexion Methodist Church in Canada. He died on March 18th, at the residence of his son, Prof. Shuttleworth, of the Ontario College of Pharmacy, Toronto. He had reached the good old age of eighty-two. He was born in Sheffield, England, in 1816, and early entered the New Connexion ministry, in which he soon rose to prominence. He filled several appointments in Ireland, beginning at Lisburn and ending in Dublin. In 1857 he came to Canada, and received leading appointments of the New Connexion Church at Toronto, London, Montreal, Brock, Brome, Aurora. Here the great grief of his life befel him in the death of his amiable and accomplished wife.

For a good many years Mr. Shuttleworth lived in retirement as superannuated minister, in connection with Central Church, Toronto, labouring as strength permitted. He was for eight years elected chairman of his district, and was a man greatly beloved for his saintly Christian character. He was a preacher of great power and eloquence. His sermons were marked with tear-compelling pathos. The present writer had intimate relations with Mr. Shuttleworth as his colleague in the city of Montreal, and received much kind consideration at his hands. His faithful ministry will be held in grateful recollection in many parts of this land. The funeral services were held at Central Methodist church, Bloor Street, Toronto, at three o'clock on Monday afternoon, March 21st, when a large concourse of his brethren paid their last tribute of respect to the memory of a good man.

Dr. Moulton.

British Methodism, and our common Christianity as well, has met with a great loss in the death of Dr. Moulton, of the Leys School, Cambridge. One of his students who knew him well gives another page of graphic sketch of this great scholar and biblical student. His death is a serious loss to the Leys School, with which he has been so intimately associated. This school, it will be remembered, makes provision for the higher education of Methodist students at the Cambridge University. The initial expenses of founding and maintaining this school have caused the accumulation of a debt of $300,000. An effort is being made to pay this indebtedness, and already $150,000 have been subscribed for that purpose. The Leys School and his work on the Revised Version of the English Bible will be Dr. Moulton's truest monument.

The Millennium in 1898.

We have received a closely-printed document of eight pages with the request that we print it in full in this magazine. It is an elaborate exposition of prophecy intended to prove the coming of the millennium in the year 1898, based upon elaborate interpretations of the Book of Daniel and the Revelation. The writer has no doubt about his explanation of the "Seven Heads" and the "Ten Horns" and the other mysterious imagery of the Apocalypse. We have been familiar with such interpretations as long as we can remember. The strange "beast" has been successively the Papacy, Napoleon Bonaparte, the Czar Nicolas, Louis Napoleon, Garibaldi, Pius IX., and now it is the Turkish Empire, which is upon the seven-hilled city of Constantinople. The author depends much upon the alleged fulfilment of Mother Shipton's prophecy of four hundred years ago, and arrives at the exact date fixed by an elaborate calculation of lunar days in the year as follows: "There being 354 lunar days in a year, 2,300 lunar day years will equal 2,230 solar day years, of 360 days each, a prophetic year. By adding 2,230 years to the date the "he goat," Alexander the Great, took Jerusalem, 332 B.C., we have 1898. The expression, "Fed in the wilderness," refers, he says, "to the world of sin and denominational controversy, 1,260 years."

The trouble about these speculators as to the meaning of the "he goat" and the "little horn" is that, instead of interpreters of prophecy, they become prophecy-mongers themselves. All the failures of interpretation, from the time of the Apostles to Robert Miller and Dr. Cummings, do not dampen their ardour. We think that these Apocalyptic Scrip-

tures were intended to be rather a demonstration of prophetic insight and the divine inspiration after their fulfilment rather than a time-table of their occurrence. Had the Divine Author of Scripture intended that they should be so understood they would not be involved in the mystery which has baffled eighteen hundred years of attempted interpretation. They would have been, like all things essential for salvation, so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, might not err therein.

Lay Representation.

In a recent number of the *Christian Advocate* Dr. Buckley presents with his usual force and clearness a cogent article on equal representation of laymen and ministers in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the same paper Dr. Lucien Clark argues strongly in favour of lay representation in the Annual Conferences. We think both these arguments convincing beyond controversy. It is not a little complimentary to Canadian Methodism that its constitution embraces both of the kinds of representation which the advanced thinkers of the Methodist Episcopal Church are urging upon that body.

Canadian Democracy.

It is not a little remarkable that in this country, with its monarchical institutions, our Church courts are more democratic in their constitution than are similar courts in the United States. We believe also that the political institutions both of Great Britain and of Canada are more thoroughly democratic than those of the American Republic. Certainly neither Lord Salisbury nor Sir Wilfrid Laurier possesses an autocratic authority equal to that of President McKinley.

Crossley and Hunter.

The Crossley and Hunter services in the Queen Street Methodist church on Sunday last were perhaps the most successful of the series. Six services were held at various hours during the day and evening, the building being filled on each occasion with attentive and thoughtful congregations. About 600 persons have professed conversion during these meetings, and probably twice this number have reason to hold in grateful remembrance these noted evangelists, through whose efforts they have been led to an entirely new and better life.

Honoured John Wesley.

At a series of Methodist meetings in London, the money raised at which will be devoted to maintaining John Wesley's old house in City Road as a museum and home for the workers connected with Wesley's chapel, Canon Farrar, Dr. Monroe Gibson, a Presbyterian, Dr. Clifford, a Baptist, and others of other sects spoke for the cause at what old-fashioned Methodists would call a regular love-feast. The Dean of Canterbury said what Christianity needs is unity, not uniformity. He came to give his humble admiration to the great and glorious work done by John Wesley, to whom the Church of England owed a lasting debt of gratitude. It is said that last summer an American tourist offered $10,000 for a cracked teapot left in the house because it was once used by Wesley, but though Methodists are anxious for money they refused to sell their founder's teapot. This was used for the refreshment of the early preachers. It bears the inscription: "Be present at our table, Lord," etc.

Be present at our Table Lord.
Be here and everywhere adored
These creatures bless & grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

JOHN WESLEY'S TEAPOT.

Dr. Hamill says that the Turks have turned into mosques 328 churches; destroyed 568 other churches and seventy-seven monasteries of the Gregorians and Protestants; killed 100,000 men, women and children; destroyed 2,493 villages, and driven 500,000 persons from their homes, and 100,000 more have perished from starvation.

Book Notices.

Immortal Hymns and Their Story. The Narrative of the Conception and Striking Experiences of Blessing Attending the Use of Some of the World's Greatest Hymns. By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D., with portraits and illustrations by Norval Jordan. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 313. Price, $3.00.

A great hymn is one of God's best gifts to His Church. When the voice that first sang it is silent forever, the hymn will go singing through the ages in many lands and many tongues. Every great revival has been largely dependent on the help of sacred song. The doctrines of the Reformation throughout Germany flew abroad on the wings of the hymns and carols of Martin Luther. The Wesleyan revival found its most potent ally in the immortal hymns of Charles and John Wesley. Moody's ministry has been largely that of the holy hymns by which the Gospel was sung into the hearts of the people.

It lends wonderful interest to these great hymns of the ages to know something of the authors by whom they were written, the circumstances by which they were inspired, and the way in which they have been owned of God for the conversion of souls. In this book Dr. Banks, a well-known Methodist minister, gives the history of twenty-five of the best hymns of the Christian Church, with accounts of their authors and incidents of their history. It is accompanied by thirty-one fine portraits of the chief hymn-writers, and twenty-five beautiful illustrative engravings. Dr. Banks presents the complete original text of the various hymns, accompanied by the musical notations of the harmony.

It is delightful to know that however the Churches may differ in their formulated creeds, they so largely sing the same hymns. Charles Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," is in the hymnary of nearly all the Churches, Protestant and Roman Catholic alike; and our own hymn-book is enriched with the productions of hymn-writers of the different Churches, including several of Roman Catholic origin.

It lends a new interest to Martin Luther's famous "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," the "Marseillaise of the Reformation," as it has been called, to know that it was born of the struggle of that mighty soul with the errors of Romanism. It has been chanted as a battle-hymn on many a faughten field. It was sung at Leipzig by the army of Gustavus Adolphus, and at Lutzen where he met his death. In the late Franco-Prussian war the German troops sang it as they marched to victory. The first line is graven on the tomb of the great Reformer at Wittenberg.

The story of such hymns as "Lead, Kindly Light," "Abide With Me," "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," "Stand Up! Stand Up for Jesus," gives an inspiration as we sing them that is a perpetual testimony to their experimental value. This book is beautifully printed and bound, and would make an admirable presentation volume.

The Story of the Christian Church. By George R. Crooks, D.D., LL.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs, 8vo. Pp. xiii.–604. Price, $3.50.

This story of the Christian Church will never grow old. It will be told over again and again, age after age. It is a continuous apology and defence of the divine origin and providential guidance of the people of God. It possesses a unity throughout the ages and in all lands such as no other history can possess. It is the story of that "City of God" of which Augustine wrote, and which John saw coming out of heaven to dwell among men. When told with sympathetic spirit and poetic insight it is of absorbing interest, but in the pages of Mosheim it is a dry and barren chronicle. In the pages of such writers as Dr. Crooks and Pressense it becomes of absorbing and thrilling fascination.

Those were heroic days of the Apostolic Fathers and confessors and martyrs of the Church, of the confutation of the heathen by the Apologists, and of the testimony to the truth through the blood of the saints. Instructive chapters are given on the passage of the Church to the Gentiles; and on the worship and ordinances, the government and moral spirit of the early Church. It is shown how Christianity changed human conduct, transformed society, mitigated slavery, abolished the games of the amphitheatre, sanctified marriage, and raised the ideal

of family life. The development of early heresies, the rise of the Papacy, the doctrinal controversies of the East and West, the missions of the Middle Ages, the conflict between Mohammedanism and the Church, the rise of religious orders and scholastic philosophy, the Reformers before the Reformation, and the conflict between Romanism and the new Protestantism, form a series of stirring chapters. The sections on Arminius and the revived Arminianism of Wesley are specially instructive.

John Bright. By C. A. Vince, M.A. London: Blackie & Son. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited. Price, 90 cents.

This book is one of the Victorian Era series of small volumes on great subjects. It is a sympathetic account of England's great Quaker Tribune, one of the purest-minded statesmen and noblest orators in her "bead-roll of immortal souls." Few men ever more thoroughly carried conscience into public life and lived "as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye." During the Crimean War, when his voice was raised in solemn protest against the policy of Great Britain, it was only a "voice crying in the wilderness," but history has vindicated the wisdom of his position.

Our author describes Palmerston and Bright as "the cheery pagan and the grave apostle, the man to whom politics were a career and the man to whom they were a mission." The peroration of Bright's fine speech against the war was most impassioned. "Let it not be said that I am alone in my condemnation of this war, and of this incapable and guilty administration; and even if I were alone, if mine were a solitary voice, raised amid the din of arms and the clamours of a venal press, I should have the consolation I have to-night, and which I trust will be mine to the last moment of my existence—the priceless consolation that no word of mine has tended to promote the squandering of my country's treasure or the spilling of one single drop of my country's blood."

Bright's fine use of Biblical figures was strikingly shown in a later speech on the same subject: "The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born was slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on. He takes his victim from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal."

The Bible and Milton were the books with which Bright was most familiar, and to them his addresses owed much of their power. His speeches against war, slavery, and intemperance, against the corn laws, and on the Irish Church question will enbalm his memory as one of Britain's greatest statesmen. His political creed is expressed as follows: "May I ask you," he said, "to believe, as I do most devoutly believe, that the moral law was not written for men alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations, and for nations great as this of which we are citizens. If we reject and deride that moral law, there is a penalty which will inevitably follow."

The Trail of the Sword. By Gilbert Parker. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited; William Briggs.

This is, in our judgment, one of the most successful of Gilbert Parker's works. It describes the French life of the old *régime* with which he is so familiar. The period is that of the attempted capture of Quebec by Sir William Phips two hundred years ago, of the government of the fierce and fiery Count Frontenac and the fearless adventurer, La Salle. He makes the dim old past live again, lit up with a thousand natural touches which we seek in vain from books of history. This is the third of a uniform series of Parker's works issued by the Copp, Clark Co. It is well printed, bound in buckram, and illustrated with six capital full-page engravings.

Shrewsbury. A Romance. By Stanley J. Weyman. With twenty-four Illustrations by Claude A. Shepperson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

Stanley Weyman is not surpassed by either Anthony Hope or Conan Doyle in the vividness with which he calls up the storied past and makes it live again. This story describes an historical episode in the reign of William of Orange. The strong contrast of parties and principles of the period offers opportunity for vigorous character painting. Out of the storm and stress of the Revolution have come the liberties of to-day. King William of Orange, Lord Shrewsbury, and other makers of history live and act in

these pages. The book has twenty-four illustrations by Shepperson. It is a curious illustration of international copyright that the book is printed from American plates at the Aberdeen University Press for circulation only in India and the British colonies.

Studies in Theology. Vol. V. God, Nature and Attributes. By RANDOLPH S. FOSTER, D.D., LL.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 8vo. Pp. xxxvi.-280. Price, $3.00.

Bishop Foster's studies in theology have assumed the proportions of quite a library in themselves. These books, while not lacking logical connection and systematic order, are suffused with the spirit of sacred eloquence. They do not so much smell of the lamp as breathe of the free, fresh, open air. The great preacher as well as the learned divine are apparent in these pages. This book is of such importance that we have placed it in competent hands for more comprehensive review. That is a noble motto that is placed upon the title page. ΠΡΟΣ ΤΟ ΦΩΣ—"Toward the Light."

Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada. Edited by GEORGE M. WRONG, M.A., Professor of History in University of Toronto. Assisted by H. H. LANGTON, B.A., Librarian of Toronto University. Vol. II. Publications of the year 1897. Octavo, pp. 248. Price, paper, $1.00; cloth, $1.50.

Professor Wrong has proven himself, in his sympathy with Canadian literature, to be Professor "Right." The present substantial volume exhibits a marked improvement on the previous one. It embraces a list of reviews of no fewer than 144 books associated with Canada. It is an invaluable contribution to our national bibliography. This book is not one of indiscriminate eulogy, but of full and fair criticism of the works reviewed. Orders received by Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax, or, Toronto University.

The Victorian Era Series. Charles Dickens.—A Critical Study. By GEORGE GISSING. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

This is not only a sympathetic study of Charles Dickens, but also a critical estimate of his great merits and small defects. It sketches briefly his life and times, the development of the man and the writer, the art, veracity, and moral purpose of his works. It analyzes his style, his mode of satiric portraiture, his humour and pathos, and characterizes with excellent taste and judgment many of his immortal characters. It will add a new enjoyment to the study of this great writer.

David Lyall's Love Story. By the Author of "The Land o' the Leal." Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited; William Briggs.

This is a series of short Scottish tales, each independent but having a connective thread. Some of them are as good, to our thinking, as anything of Barrie or Crockett. They describe that deathless affection "that hopes, and endures, and is patient,"—a noble and ennobling passion that shrivels into nothingness everything base or mean. The fascination of the "Lights of London Town," and the tragedy of disappointed hopes and foiled endeavour, give it an element of pathos.

Simon Dale. By ANTHONY HOPE. Illustrated by W. ST. JOHN HARPER. Toronto: George N. Morang. Price, paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.50.

The recent visit of Anthony Hope to Canada gives a personal interest to this narrative. This book describes with characteristic vividness some of the important historic events in the reign of Charles II. and of Louis XIV. The two kings, and many of the leading statesmen of the period, are prominent characters in the story. The book is well illustrated.

The Pride of Jennico. Being a Memoir of Captain Basil Jennico. By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited; William Briggs.

This is a highly ingenious story. It has a good deal of historic interest and of vivid character-sketching. A young scion of an ancient English Jacobite house comes into possession of a feudal estate in Bohemia, and in time weds a princess of that country. He has many adventures both in Bohemia and in London. The character of the Princess Ottilie is a very noble and charming one. The picture of the old feudal times is very graphic. This is as good in its way as anything of Anthony Hope's.